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[redacted]

Offered as a Memorial to
LOUISA BARNARD LEVY
(Mrs. Arthur Lumley Levy)
by her granddaughter
FLORENCE N. LEVY
January 1, 1940

[ISCELLANIES.

BY

LORD BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
N MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXVII.

M.L.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE CURSE OF MINERVA - - - -

THE WALTZ; AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN - -
TO THE PUBLISHER - - - -

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE -

HEBREW MELODIES - - - -
She walks in Beauty - - - -
The Harp the Monarch Minstrel swept - - -
If that high World - - - -
The wild Gazelle - - - - -
Oh! weep for those - - - -
On Jordan's Banks - - - - -
Jephtha's Daughter - - - -
Oh! snatch'd away in Beauty's Bloom - - -
My Soul is dark - - - - - -
I saw thee weep - - - - -
Thy Days are done - - - - -
Song of Saul before his last Battle - - -
Saul - - - - - -
"All is Vanity, saith the Preacher" - - -
When Coldness wraps this suffering Clay - .
Vision of Belshazzar - - - - -

Page

Sun of the Sleepless - - - - 71
Were my Bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be - 71
Herod's Lament for Mariamne - - - 72
On the Day of the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus - 73
By the Rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept - 74
The Destruction of Sennacherib - - - - 75
A Spirit passed before me. From Job - - 76

THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE OF PULCI - - 77
ADVERTISEMENT - - - - - 89

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE - - - 145
DEDICATION - - - - - - 147
PREFACE - - - - - 149
CANTO I. - - - - - 151
CANTO II. - - - - - 161
CANTO III. - - - - - - 167
CANTO IV. - - - - - - 175

THE BLUES; A LITERARY ECLOGUE - - - 185

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT - - - 205
PREFACE - - - - - - 217

THE AGE OF BRONZE; OR, CARMEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS - - - - 273

THE

CURSE OF MINERVA.

—— "Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit."

Æneid, lib. xii.

[THIS fierce philippic on Lord Elgin, whose collection of Athenian marbles was ultimately purchased for the nation, in 1816, at the cost of thirty-five thousand pounds, was written at Athens, in March, 1811, and prepared for publication along with the "Hints from Horace;" but, like that satire, suppressed by Lord Byron, from motives which the reader will easily understand. It was first given to the world in 1828. Few can wonder that Lord Byron's feelings should have been powerfully excited by the spectacle of the despoiled Parthenon; but it is only due to Lord Elgin to keep in mind, that, had those precious marbles remained, they must, in all likelihood, have perished for ever amidst the miserable scenes of violence which Athens has since witnessed; and that their presence in England has already, by universal admission, been of the most essential advantage to the fine arts of our own country. The political allusions in this poem are not such as require much explanation. It contains many lines, which, it is hoped, the author, on mature reflection, disapproved of — but is too vigorous a specimen of his iambics to be omitted in any collective edition of his works.]

CURSE C

Athens,

SLOW sinks, more lovely
Along Morea's hills the
Not, as in northern clim
But one unclouded blaze
O'er the hush'd deep th
Gilds the green wave th
On old Ægina's rock an
The god of gladness she
O'er his own regions lin
Though there his altars
Descending fast, the mo
Thy glorious gulf, uncoi
Their azure arches throu
More deeply purpled, m
And tenderest tints, alo
Mark his gay course, an

[1] [The splendid lines with
thus, within the walls of Pall
mencement of the third cant
at that time, abandoned all n
they originally made part.]

Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's [1] latest day!
Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But ere he sunk below Citheron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd — the spirit fled;
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign; [2]
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,

[1] Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunse hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his di to wait till the sun went down.

[2] The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in o country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer duration.

The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming torrent of the gay kiosk,[1]
And sad and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm;
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye;
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.[2]

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war:
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the wall of Pallas' fane,
I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,

[1] The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

[2] [During our residence of ten weeks at Athens, there was not, I believe, a day of which we did not devote a part to the contemplation of the noble monuments of Grecian genius, that have outlived the ravages of time, and the outrage of barbarous and antiquarian despoilers. The Temple of Theseus, which was within five minutes' walk of our lodgings, is the most perfect ancient edifice in the world. In this fabric, the most enduring stability, and a simplicity of design peculiarly striking, are united with the highest elegance and accuracy of workmanship; the characteristic of the Doric style, whose chaste beauty is not, in the opinion of the first artists, to be equalled by the graces of any of the other orders. A gentleman of Athens, of great taste and skill, assured us that, after a continued contemplation of this temple, and the remains of the Parthenon, he could never again look with his accustomed satisfaction upon the Ionic and Corinthian ruins of Athens, much less upon the specimens of the more modern species of architecture to be seen in Italy. — HOBHOUSE.]

Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore;
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece!

Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky;
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god:
But chiefly, Pallas! thine; when Hecate's glare,
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.
Long had I mused, and treasured every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode!

Yes, 't was Minerva's self; but, ah! how changed,
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!
Not such as erst, by her divine command,
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand:
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance
Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance;
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
Shrunk from her touch, and wither'd in her grasp;
And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

"Mortal!"—'twas thus she spake—"that blus
shame
Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name;
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
Now honour'd *less* by all, and *least* by me:
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look around.
Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
I saw successive tyrannies expire.
'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,[1]
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.[2]
Survey this vacant, violated fane;
Recount the relics torn that yet remain:
These Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorn'd,[3]
That Adrian rear'd when drooping Science mourn'
What more I owe let gratitude attest—
Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.

[1] [On the plaster wall, on the west side of the chapel, t
words have been very deeply cut:—

QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTI,
HOC FECERUNT SCOTI.

The mortar wall, yet fresh when we saw it, supplying the pl
the statue now in Lord Elgin's collection, serves as a comme
this text. This eulogy of the Goths alludes to an unfounded
of a Greek historian, who relates that Alaric, either terrifi
two phantoms, one of Minerva herself, the other of Achilles
rible as when he strode towards the walls of Troy to his fri
or struck with a reverential respect, had spared the treas
ornaments, and people of the venerable city.—HOBHOUSE.]

[2] [In the original MS.—

"Ah, Athens! scarce escaped from Turk and Goth,
Hell sends a paltry Scotchman worse than both."]

[3] This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acro
in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some
posed the Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen col
are standing, of the most beautiful marble and architecture.

ll may learn from whence the plunderer came,
ısulted wall sustains his hated name: [1]
lgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
, his name — above, behold his deeds! [2]
:r hail'd with equal honour here
'othic monarch and the Pictish peer:
gave the first his right, the last had none,
ısely stole what less barbarians won.
en the lion quits his fell repast,
›rowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:
limbs, and blood the former make their own,
st poor brute securely gnaws the bone.
ll the gods are just, and crimes are cross'd:
re what Elgin won, and what he lost!
er name with *his* pollutes my shrine:
l where Dian's beams disdain to shine!
·etribution still might Pallas claim,
Venus half avenged Minerva's shame." [3]

ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
the the vengeance kindling in her eye:
ghter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
not on England; England owns him not:
ı, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.

the original MS. is written —
" Aspice quos Pallas Scoto concedit honores
Infrà stat nomen — facta suprâque vide."]

r Lord Byron's detailed remarks on Lord Elgin's
ə Parthenon, see Note A to the second canto of
]

lordship's name, and that of one who no longe
ed conspicuously on the Parthenon; above, in
ınt, are the torn remnants of the basso rellevos,
ı attempt to remove them.

Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyles' tov
Survey Bœotia; — Caledonia's ours.
And well I know within that bastard land [1]
Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command;
A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined
To stern sterility, can stint the mind;
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth;
Each genial influence nurtured to resist;
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
Till, burst at length, each wat'ry head o'erflows,
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.
Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride
Despatch her scheming children far and wide:
Some east, some west, some every where but nortl
In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
And thus — accursed be the day and year! —
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth;
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
And shine like children of a happier strand;
As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."

"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed, "once
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.

[1] "Irish bastards," according to Sir Callaghan O'Brallag

and believe, &c.

'irst on the head of him who did this deed
urse shall light, — on him and all his seed:
out one spark of intellectual fire,
ll the sons as senseless as the sire:
ıe with wit the parent brood disgrace,
eve him bastard of a brighter race:
l with his hireling artists let him prate,
d folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;
ng of their patron's gusto let them tell,
hose noblest, *native* gusto is — to sell:
) sell, and make — may Shame record the day! —
ıe state receiver of his pilfer'd prey. [1]
eantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West,
ırope's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,
ith palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,
ıd own himself an infant of fourscore. [2]
: all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles',
ıat art and nature may compare their styles;
hile brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
ıd marvel at his lordship's 'stone shop' [3] there
throng'd gate shall sauntering cox

The room with transient glance appears to skim,
Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb;
Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then;*
Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper men!'
Draws slight comparisons of *these* with *those,*
And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.
When shall a modern maid have swains like these!
Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
In silent indignation mix'd with grief,
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.[1]
Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd in the dust,
May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!
Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephesian dome,
Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,
And Eratostratus and Elgin shine
In many a branding page and burning line;
Alike reserved for aye to stand accurs'd,
Perchance the second blacker than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of Scorn;
Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
But fits thy country for her coming fate:

[1] [That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England, cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of the British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty is the study of nature. But, had we a right to diminish the interest of Athens for selfish motives, and prevent successive generations of other nations from seeing those admirable sculptures? The Temple of Minerva was spared as a beacon to the world, to direct it to the knowledge of purity of taste. What can we say to the disappointed traveller, who is now deprived of the rich gratification which would have compensated his travel and his toil? It will be little consolation to him to say, he may find the sculpture of the Parthenon in England. — H. W. WILLIAMS.]

taught her lawless son.
s self had done.
ing from afar,
perfidious war.[1]
llas lend her aid,
ich herself had made;
om the faithless field
l her Gorgon shield:
ur friends to stone,
l and alone.

ere Ganges' swarthy race
npire to its base;
s her ghastly head,
f native dead;
rpureal flood,
r of northern blood.
as, when she gave
bade ye to enslave.

!—she clasps the hand sh

usts you from her gates.
esa! thou canst tell
bravely fought and fell.
lear ally,
nd sometimes fly.
mine fiercely won,
, and all is done!
h, that one retreat
npiads of defeat?

ye love not to look t
fortless despair:
f Copenhagen.]

Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls.
See all alike of more or less bereft;
No misers tremble when there 's nothing left.
'Blest paper credit;'[1] who shall dare to sing?
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,
Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
On Pallas calls, — but calls, alas! too late:
Then raves for * *; to that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.
Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log.'
Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,
As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

"Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
And pirates barter all that 's left behind.[2]
No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.
The idle merchant on the useless quay
Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
Or, back returning, sees rejected stores
Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:

[1] "Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly." — POPE.

[2] The Deal and Dover traffickers in wrecks.

ι,
loom.

weight.
ommand;
:

al pile.

, in vain;

ing brands,
ds.

r chains.
files,
smiles;
ım,
;
l,
fall,
harms,

How view the column of ascending flames
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames?
Nay, frown not, Albion! for the torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine:
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.
The law of heaven and earth is life for life,
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife." [1]

[1] ["The beautiful but barren Hymettus, the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, &c. &c. are in themselves poetical; and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But, am I to be told that the "nature" of Attica would be *more* poetical without the "art" of the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius! Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical, the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The COLUMNS of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's ship was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves. But it is the "*art*," the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art." — *Byron Letters*, 1821.]

THE WALTZ:

AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN.

" Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros." VIRGIL.

" Such on Eurota's banks, or Cynthia's height,
Diana seems: and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads."
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

[This trifle was written at Cheltenham in the autumn of 1812, and published anonymously in the spring of the following year. It was not very well received at the time by the public; and the author was by no means anxious that it should be considered as his handiwork. "I hear," he says, in a letter to a friend, "that a certain malicious publication on waltzing is attributed to me. This report, I suppose, you will take care to contradict; as the author, I am sure, will not like that I should wear his cap and bells."]

TO THE PUBLISHER.

SIR,

I AM a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a parliament-man for a certain borough; having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812.[1] But I was all for domestic happiness; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot, — of which, by the bye, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside — that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birthnight minuets in the

[1] State of the poll (last day), 5.

f the last century), I unbooted, and went
the Countess's, expecting to see a country
: most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces
st tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on
see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms
the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentle-
r set eyes on before; and his, to say truth,
than half round her waist, turning round,
to a d——d see-saw up-and-down sort of
minded me of the "Black Joke," only more
' till it made me quite giddy with wondering
ot so. By-and-by they stopped a bit, and
ney would sit or fall down: — but no; with
and on his shoulder, "*quam familiariter*" I
said, when I was at school), they walked
nute, and then at it again, like two cock-
ed on the same bodkin. I asked what all this
n, with a loud laugh, a child no older than
nina (a name I never heard but in the Vica
d, though her mother would call her aft
s of Swappenbach,) said, "Lord! Mr. H
you see they are valtzing?" or waltzing
); and then up she got, and her m
und away they went, and round-about
ime. Now, that I know what it is, I
igs, and so does Mrs. H. (though I
shins, and four times overturned Mrs.
, in practising the preliminary step
Indeed, so much do I like it, that

is all forgotten, if a man can be said to hav
remembered; but I bought my title-pa
lest for a three-shilling bank token,
ne *even* sixpence. I grudged the mon
ne memory of Perceval and "No pop
downfal of the pope, because we can'

a for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election
s, and songs in honour of all the victories (but
:ely I have had little practice in that way), I sat
and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq.[1]
few hints from Dr. Busby,[2] (whose recitations I
, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's man-
delivering his father's late successful "Drury Lane
ss,") I composed the following hymn, wherewithal
ke my sentiments known to the public; whom,
heless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

HORACE HORNEM.

[1] [See Vol. I. p. 191.]
[2] [See "Rejected Addresses."]

THE WALTZ.

Muse of the many-twinkling feet![1] whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms;
Terpsichore! — too long misdeem'd a maid —
Reproachful term — bestow'd but to upbraid —
Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
The least a vestal of the virgin Nine.
Far be from thee and thine the name of prude:
Mock'd, yet triumphant; sneer'd at, unsubdued;
Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
If but thy coats are reasonably high;
Thy breast — if bare enough — requires no shield;
Dance forth — *sans armour* thou shalt take the field,
And own — impregnable to *most* assaults,
Thy not too lawfully begotten "Waltz."

Hail, nimble nymph! to whom the young hussar,
The whisker'd votary of waltz and war,
His night devotes, despite of spur and boots;
A sight unmatch'd since Orpheus and his brutes:
Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz! — beneath whose banners
A modern hero fought for modish manners;

[1] "Glance their many-twinkling feet." — Gray.

On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's [1] fame,
Cock'd — fired — and miss'd his man — but gain'd his aim;
Hail, moving Muse! to whom the fair one's breast
Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.
Oh! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
To "energise the object I pursue," [2]
And give both Belial and his dance their due!

[1] To rival Lord Wellesley's, or his nephew's, as the reader pleases: — the one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for; and the other has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, "by Shrewsbury clock," without gaining any thing in *that* country but the title of "the Great Lord," and "the Lord;" which savours of profanation, having been hitherto applied only to that Being to whom "*Te Deums*" for carnage are the rankest blasphemy. — It is to be presumed the general will one day return to his Sabine farm: there

"To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain!"

The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer; we do more — we contrive both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If the "great Lord's" *Cincinnatian* progress in agriculture be no speedier than the proportional average of time in Pope's couplet, it will, according to the farmers' proverb, be "ploughing with dogs."

By the bye — one of this illustrious person's new titles is forgotten — it is, however, worth remembering — "*Salvador del mundo!*" *credite, posteri!* If this be the appellation annexed by the inhabitants of the Peninsula to the name of a *man* who has not yet saved them — query — are they worth saving, even in this world? for, according to the mildest modifications of any Christian creed, those three words make the odds much against them in the next — "Saviour of the world," quotha! — it were to be wished that he, or any one else, could save a corner of it — his country. Yet this stupid misnomer, although it shows the near connection between superstition and impiety, so far has its use, that it proves there can be little to dread from those Catholics (inquisitorial Catholics too) who can confer such an appellation on a *Protestant*. I suppose next year he will be entitled the "Virgin Mary:" if so, Lord George Gordon himself would have nothing to object to such liberal bastards of our Lady of Babylon.

[2] [Among the addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee was one by Dr. Busby, which began by asking —

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
Long be thine import from all duty free,
And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee;
In some few qualities alike — for hock
Improves our cellar — *thou* our living stock.
The head to hock belongs — thy subtler art
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we owe,
As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,
Ere cursed confederation made thee France's,
And only left us thy d—d debts and dances!
Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
We bless thee still — for George the Third is left!
Of kings the best — and last, not least in worth,
For graciously begetting George the Fourth.
To Germany, and highnesses serene,
Who owe us millions — don't we owe the queen?
To Germany, what owe we not besides?
So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides;
Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,
Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud:
Who sent us — so be pardon'd all her faults —
A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen — and Waltz.

But peace to her — her emperor and diet,
Though now transferr'd to Buonaparte's "fiat!"
Back to my theme — O Muse of motion! say,
How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way?

"When energising objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?"]

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,
From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had *mails*
Ere yet unlucky Fame — compell'd to creep
To snowy Gottenburg — was chill'd to sleep;
Or, starting from her slumbers, deign'd arise,
Heligoland! to stock thy mart with lies;
While unburnt Moscow [1] yet had news to send,
Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend.
She came — Waltz came — and with her certain sets
Of true despatches, and as true gazettes;
Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest despatch,
Which Moniteur nor Morning Post can match;
And — almost crush'd beneath the glorious news —
Ten plays, and forty tales of Kotzebue's;
One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,
And loads from Frankfort and from Leipsic fairs;
Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,
Like Lapland witches to ensure a wind;
Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and, to back it,
Of Heyné, such as should not sink the packet.

[1] The patriotic arson of our amiable allies cannot be sufficiently commended — nor subscribed for. Amongst other details omitted in the various despatches of our eloquent ambassador, he did not state (being too much occupied with the exploits of Colonel C——, in swimming rivers frozen, and galloping over roads impassable,) that one entire province perished by famine in the most melancholy manner, as follows: — In General Kostopchin's consummate conflagration, the consumption of tallow and train oil was so great, that the market was inadequate to the demand: and thus one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved to death, by being reduced to wholesome diet! The lamplighters of London have since subscribed a pint (of oil) a piece, and the tallow-chandlers have unanimously voted a quantity of best moulds (four to the pound), to the relief of the surviving Scythians; — the scarcity will soon, by such exertions, and a proper attention to the *quality* rather than the quantity of provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouched Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beeves for a day's meal to our suffering manufacturers.

Fraught with this cargo — and her fairest freight,
Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,
The welcome vessel reach'd the genial strand,
And round her flock'd the daughters of the land.
Not decent David, when, before the ark,
His grand pas-seul excited some remark;
Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought
The knight's fandango friskier than it ought;
Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
Her nimble feet danced off another's head;
Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
Display'd so much of *leg*, or more of *neck*,
Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune!

To you, ye husbands of ten years! whose brows
Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse;
To you of nine years less, who only bear
The budding sprouts of those that you *shall* wear,
With added ornaments around them roll'd
Of native brass, or law-awarded gold;
To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch
To mar a son's, or make a daughter's, match;
To you, ye children of — whom chance accords —
Always the ladies, and *sometimes* their lords;
To you, ye single gentlemen, who seek
Torments for life, or pleasures for a week;
As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
To gain your own, or snatch another's bride; —
To one and all the lovely stranger came,
And every ball-room echoes with her name.

Endearing Waltz! — to thy more melting tune
Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoon.

Scotch reels, avaunt! and country-dance, forego
Your future claims to each fantastic toe!
Waltz — Waltz alone — both legs and arms demands,
Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;
Hands which may freely range in public sight
Where ne'er before — but — pray "put out the light."
Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
Shines much too far — or I am much too near;
And true, though strange — Waltz whispers this remark,
"My slippery steps are safest in the dark!"
But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time!
Ye quartos publish'd upon every clime!
O say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound;
Can Egypt's Almas [1] — tantalising group —
Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop —
Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn
With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be borne?
Ah, no! from Morier's pages down to Galt's,
Each tourist pens a paragraph for "Waltz."

Shades of those belles whose reign began of yore,
With George the Third's — and ended long before! —
Though in your daughters' daughters yet you thrive,
Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive!
Back to the ball-room speed your spectred host:
Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.
No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;
No stiff-starch'd stays make meddling fingers ache;

[1] Dancing girls — who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis.

(Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage [1], women in their shape;)
No damsel faints when rather closely press'd,
But more caressing seems when most caress'd;
Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,
Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial "Waltz."

Seductive Waltz! — though on thy native shore
Even Werter's self proclaim'd thee half a whore;
Werter — to decent vice though much inclined,
Yet warm, not wanton; dazzled, but not blind —
Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Staël,
Would even proscribe thee from a Paris ball;
The fashion hails — from countesses to queens,
And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes;
Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,
And turns — if nothing else — at least our *heads*;

[1] It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière's time, of the "Sieur de la Croix," that there be "no whiskers;" but how far these are indications of valour in the field, or elsewhere, may *still* be questionable. Much may be, and hath been, avouched on both sides. In the olden time philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none — Scipio himself was shaven — Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina nor even the courtiers could abide) — Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none — Buonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; "*argal*" greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together; but certainly the different occurrences, since the growth of the last mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did *against* long hair in the reign of Henry I. — Formerly, *red* was a favourite colour. See Lodowick Barrey's comedy of Ram Alley, 1661; Act I. Scene I.

"*Taffeta*. Now for a wager — What coloured beard comes next by the window?

"*Adriana*. A black man's, I think.

"*Taffeta*. I think not so: I think a *red*, for that is most in fashion."

There is "nothing new under the sun;" but *red*, then a *favourite*, has now subsided into a *favourite's* colour.

THE WALTZ.

e even clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
neys practise what they can't pronounce.
ow the glorious theme my strain exalts,
me finds partner rhyme in praise of "Waltz

was the time Waltz chose for her *début*;
t, the Regent, like herself were new; [1]
for friends, for foes some new rewards;
aments for black and royal guards;
s to hang the rogues that roar'd for bread;
is (most new) [2] to follow those that fled;
ories — nor can we prize them less,
Jenky wonders at his own success;
s, because the old succeed so well,
st survivors envy those who fell;
tresses — no, old — and yet 't is true,
they be *old*, the *thing* is something new;
w, quite new — (except some ancient tricks
nite sticks, gold-sticks, broom-sticks, all n
sticks!

chronism — Waltz and the battle of Austerlitz are
have opened the ball together; the bard means (if
thing). Waltz was not so much in vogue till the Reg
e acmé of his popularity. Waltz, the comet, whiske
r government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all th
h about the same time: of these the comet only has d
the other three continue to astonish us still. —*Printe*

pt others a new ninepence — a creditable coin n
g, worth a pound, in paper, at the fairest calcu

at *right* should thus overcome *might!*" Who does
the "delicate investigation" in the "Merry Wives
"—

Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, w
sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve
whither bear you this?
brd. What have you to do whither they bear it? — y
meddle with buck-washing."

With vests or ribands — deck'd alike in hue,
New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue:
So saith the muse: my ——,[1] what say you?
Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain
Her new preferments in this novel reign;
Such was the time, nor ever yet was such;
Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not much*;
Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,
And tell-tale powder — all have had their days.
The ball begins — the honours of the house
First duly done by daughter or by spouse,
Some potentate — or royal or serene —
With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,
Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush
Might once have been mistaken for a blush.
From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,
That spot where hearts [2] were once supposed to be;
Round all the confines of the yielded waist,
The strangest hand may wander undisplaced;
The lady's in return may grasp as much
As princely paunches offer to her touch.
Pleased round the chalky floor how well they trip,
One hand reposing on the royal hip;

[1] The gentle, or ferocious, reader may fill up the blank as he pleases — there are several dissyllabic names at *his* service (being already in the Regent's): it would not be fair to back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every month will add to the list now entered for the sweepstakes: — a distinguished consonant is said to be the favourite, much against the wishes of the *knowing ones*.

[2] "We have changed all that," says the Mock Doctor — 't is all gone — Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of; they have nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are also some men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often mentioned in natural history; viz. a mass of solid stone — only to be opened by force — and when divided, you discover a *toad* in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being venomous.

The other to the shoulder no less royal
Ascending with affection truly loyal!
Thus front to front the partners move or stand,
The foot may rest, but none withdraw the hand;
And all in turn may follow in their rank,
The Earl of — Asterisk — and Lady — Blank;
Sir — Such-a-one — with those of fashion's host,
For whose blest surnames — vide "Morning Post"
(Or if for that impartial print too late, [date] —
Search Doctors' Commons six months from my
Thus all and each, in movement swift or slow,
The genial contact gently undergo;
Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,
If "nothing follows all this palming work?"[1]
True, honest Mirza! — you may trust my rhyme —
Something does follow at a fitter time;
The breast thus publicly resign'd to man,
In private may resist him —— if it can.

O ye who loved our grandmothers of yore,
Fitzpatrick, Sheridan,[2] and many more

[1] In Turkey a pertinent, here an impertinent and superfluo
question — literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier,
seeing a Waltz in Pera. — *Vide* Morier's Travels.

[2] [I once heard Sheridan repeat, in a ball-room, some ve
which he had lately written on waltzing; and of which I rem
ber the following —

"With tranquil step, and timid, downcast glance,
Behold the well-pair'd couple now advance.
In such sweet posture our first parents moved,
While, hand in hand, through Eden's bowers they rov
Ere yet the Devil, with promise fine and false,
Turn'd their poor heads, and taught them how to wal
One hand grasps hers, the other holds her hip:
* * * * *
For so the law 's laid down by Baron Trip."

This gentleman, whose name suits so aptly as a legal auth
the subject of waltzing, was, at the time these verses were
well known in the dancing circles. — MOORE.]

And thou, my prince! whose sovereign taste and will
It is to love the lovely beldames still!
Thou ghost of Queensbury! whose judging sprite
Satan may spare to peep a single night,
Pronounce — if ever in your days of bliss
Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this;
To teach the young ideas how to rise,
Flush in the cheek, and languish in the eyes;
Rush to the heart, and lighten through the frame,
With half-told wish and ill-dissembled flame,
For prurient nature still will storm the breast —
Who, tempted thus, can answer for the rest?

But ye — who never felt a single thought
For what our morals are to be, or ought;
Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
Say — would you make those beauties quite so cheap?
Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side,
Where were the rapture then to clasp the form
From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm?
At once love's most endearing thought resign,
To press the hand so press'd by none but thine;
To gaze upon that eye which never met
Another's ardent look without regret;
Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
Come near enough — if not to touch — to taint;
If such thou lovest — love her then no more,
Or give — like her — caresses to a score;
Her mind with these is gone, and with it go
The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I thus blaspheme?
Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme.

THE WALTZ.

psichore forgive! — at every ball
wife *now* waltzes — and my daughters *shall*;
son — (or stop — 't is needless to enquire —
se little accidents should ne'er transpire;
ıe ages hence our genealogic tree
l wear as green a bough for him as me) —
ltzing shall rear, to make our name amends,
ndsons for me — in heirs to all his friends.

ODE

TO

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

" Expende Annibalem : —quot libras in duce summo
Invenies ? " Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 1

[" Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains :
AND IS THIS ALL ! "—

I know not that this was ever done in the old world ; at least, w
regard to Hannibal ; but, in the Statistical Account of Scotlan
find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect, and wei
the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish
Eccles ; which he was happily enabled to do with great facility,
" the inside of the coffin was smooth, and the whole body visibl
Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in wei
one ounce and a half ! AND IS THIS ALL ! Alas ! the *quot lib*
itself is a satirical exaggeration. — GIFFORD.]

" The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity. * * * * By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till ———".— GIBBON's *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 220. [1]

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[1] ["I send you an additional motto from Gibbon, which you will find *singularly* appropriate."— *Lord Byron to Mr. Murray*, April 2. 1814.]

ODE

TO

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.[1]

I.

'T is done — but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?[2]

[1] [The reader has seen, that Lord Byron, when publishing "The Corsair," in January, 1814, announced an apparently quite serious resolution to withdraw, for some years at least, from poetry. His letters of the February and March following abound in repetitions of the same determination. On the morning of the *ninth* of April, he writes — "No more rhyme for — or rather *from* — me. I have taken my leave of that stage, and henceforth will mountebank it no longer." In the evening, a Gazette Extraordinary announced the abdication of Fontainebleau, and the Poet violated his vows next morning, by composing this Ode, which he immediately published, though without his name. His Diary says, "April 10. To-day I have boxed one hour — written an Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte — copied it — eaten six biscuits — drunk four bottles of soda water, and redde away the rest of my time."]

[2] ["I don't know — but I think *I*, even *I* (an insect compared

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd, — power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after-warriors more,
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

---

his creature), have set my life on casts not a millionth
man's. But, after all, a crown may not be worth dyi
:o outlive *Lodi* for this!!! Oh that Juvenal or J
rise from the dead! 'Expende — quot libras in duce
es?' I knew they were light in the balance of mo
thought their living dust weighed more *carats*. Al
ial diamond hath a flaw in it, and is now hardly fit to
ier's pencil; — the pen of the historian won't rate it
Psha! 'something too much of this.' But I we
p even now; though all his admirers have, like the
from him."— *Byron Diary*, April 9.]

IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife [1]—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —
All quell'd! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V.

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI.

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound;

[1] "Certaminis *gaudia*" — the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus.

[2] ["Out of town six days. On my return, find my poor little pagod, Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal. It is his own fault. Like Milo, he would rend the oak; but it closed again, wedged his hands, and now the beasts — lion, bear, down to the dirtiest jackall — may all tear him. That Muscovite winter *wedged* his arms; — ever since, he has fought with his feet and teeth. The last may still leave their marks; and 'I guess now' (as the Yankees say), that he will yet play them a pass."— *Byron's Diary*, April 6.]

Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke —
Alone — how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman,[1] when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home. —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,[2]
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;

[1] Sylla.—["We find the germ of this stanza in the Diary evening before it was written: — "Methinks Sylla did better he revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red wi slaughter of his foes — the finest instance of glorious conten the rascals upon record. Dioclesian did well too — Amurat amiss, had he become aught except a dervise — Charles the but so so; but Napoleon worst of all." — *Byron Diary*, Ap

[2] ["Alter '*potent* spell' to 'quickening spell:' the first (a lonius says) 'is a vile phrase,' and means nothing, besides common-place and Rosa-Matildaish. After the resolution publishing, though our Ode is a thing of little length and les sequence it will be better altogether that it is anonymous."— *Byron to Mr. Murray*, April 11.]

A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well: [1]
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne. [2]

IX.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!

[1] [Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain, resigned, in 1555, his imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand, and the kingdom of Spain to his son Philip, and retired to a monastery in Estremadura, where he conformed, in his manner of living, to all the rigour of monastic austerity. Not satisfied with this, he dressed himself in his shroud, was laid in his coffin with much solemnity, joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, and mingled his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral.]

[2] ["I looked," says Boswell, "into Lord Kaimes's 'Sketches of the History of Man,' and mentioned to Dr. Johnson his censure of Charles the Fifth, for celebrating his funeral obsequies in his life-time, which, I told him, I had been used to think a solemn and affecting act. — JOHNSON. 'Why, sir, a man may dispose his mind to think so of that act of Charles; but it is so liable to ridicule, that if one man out of ten thousand laughs at it, he'll make the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety nine laugh too.'" — *Boswell's Johnson*, vol. vii. p. 78. 1835.]

And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honour died,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night? [1]

XII.

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make t
Of these the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flo
Thy still imperial bride;

[1] ["But who would rise in brightest day
To set without one parting ray?"—M

How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;
'T is worth thy vanish'd diadem! [1]

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile —
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue [2] hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage [3]
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one — "The world *was* mine!"

[1] [It is well known that Count Neipperg, a gentleman in the ite of the emperor of Austria, who was first presented to Maria ouisa within a few days after Napoleon's abdication, became, in e sequel, her chamberlain, and then her husband. He is said have been a man of remarkably plain appearance. The Count ed in 1831.]

[2] [Dionysius the Younger, esteemed a greater tyrant than his ther, on being for the second time banished from Syracuse, re- ed to Corinth, where he was obliged to turn schoolmaster, for a bsistence.]

[3] The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth —
So long obey'd — so little worth!

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,[1]
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God — by man accurst,[2]
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;[3]
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

XVII.

There was a day — there was an hour,[4]
While earth was Gaul's — Gaul thine —

[1] Prometheus.

[2] [In first draught —

"He suffered for kind acts to men,
Who have not seen his like again,
At least of kingly stock;
Since he was good, and thou but great,
Thou canst not quarrel with thy fate."]

[3] ——"The very fiend's arch mock —
To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste."— SHAKSPE
We believe there is no doubt of the truth of the anecdote he luded to — of Napoleon's having found leisure for an unw amour, the very evening of his arrival at Fontainebleau.]

[4] [The last three stanzas, which Lord Byron had been soli by Mr. Murray to write, in order to avoid the stamp duty the posed upon publications not exceeding a sheet, were not publi with the rest of the poem. "I don't like them at all," says Byron, "and they had better be left out. The fact is, I can

When that immeasurable power
  Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame,
Than gathers round Marengo's name
  And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

XVIII.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
  And don the purple vest, —
As if that foolish robe could wring
  Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
  The star — the string — the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

XIX.

Where may the wearied eye repose
  When gazing on the Great; [1]

---

any thing I am asked to do, however gladly I would; and at the end of a week my interest in a composition goes off."]

[1] [In one of Lord Byron's MS. Diaries, begun at Ravenna in May, 1821, we find the following: — "What shall I write? — another Journal? I think not. Any thing that comes uppermost, and call it

My Dictionary.

Augustus. — I have often been puzzled with his character Was he a great man? Assuredly. But not one of *my* GREAT men I have always looked upon Sylla as the greatest character in history, for laying down his power at the moment when it was —

'Too great to keep or to resign,'

and thus despising them all. As to the retention of his power by Augustus, the thing was already settled. If he had given it up —

Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes — one — the first — the last — the best
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one! [1]

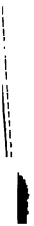
---

the commonwealth was gone — the republic was long past all suscitation. Had Brutus and Cassius gained the battle of Phili it would not have restored the republic. Its days ended with Gracchi; the rest was a mere struggle of parties. You migh well cure a consumption, or restore a broken egg, as revive a s so long a prey to every uppermost soldier, as Rome had long b As for a despotism, if Augustus could have been sure that all successors would have been like himself — (I mean *not* as O vius, but Augustus) or Napoleon could have insured the w that *none* of his successors would have been like himself — the cient or modern world might have gone on, like the empir China, in a state of lethargic prosperity. Suppose, for insta that, instead of Tiberius and Caligula, Augustus had been im diately succeeded by Nerva, Trajan, the Antonines, or *even* Titus and his father — what a difference in our estimate of h self! — So far from gaining by the contrast, I think that one of our dislike arises from his having been heired by Tiberiu and one half of Julius Cæsar's fame, from his having had his pire consolidated by Augustus. — Suppose that there had been *Octavius*, and Tiberius had 'jumped the life' between, and at o succeeded Julius? — And yet it is difficult to say whether her tary right or popular choice produce the worser sovereigns. Roman Consuls make a goodly show; but then they only reig for a year, and were under a sort of personal obligation to dis guish themselves. It is still more difficult to say which form government is the worst — all are so bad. As for democracy, i the worst of the whole; for what is, in fact, democracy? — an a tocracy of blackguards."]

[1] [On being reminded by a friend of his recent promise not write any more for years — "There was," replied Lord Byron, mental reservation in my pact with the public, in behalf of *a nymes;* and, even had there not, the provocation was such a make it physically impossible to pass over this epoch of triump tameness. 'T is a sad business; and after all, I shall think h of rhyme and reason, and very humbly of your heroic peop — *Elba becomes a volcano, and sends him out again. I can't it is all over yet.*"]

HEBREW MELODIES.[1]

[1] [Lord Byron never alludes to his share in these Melodies w complacency. Mr. Moore having, on one occasion, rallied hi little on the manner in which some of them had been set to mu —"Sunburn Nathan," he exclaims, "why do you always twit with his Ebrew nasalities? Have I not told you it was all I naird's doing, and my own exquisite facility of temper?"]



ADVERTISEMENT.

The subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan.

January, 1815.

HEBREW MELODIES.[1]

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.[2]

I.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

II.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

[1] ["Neither the ancient Jews," says Dr. Burney, "nor the modern, have ever had characters peculiar to music; so that the melodies used in their religious ceremonies have, at all times, been traditional, and at the mercy of the singers."— Kalkbrenner tells us, that "les Juifs Espagnols lisent et chantent leurs pseaumes bien différemment que les Juifs Hollandais, les Juifs Romains autrement que les Juifs de la Prusse et de la Hesse; et tous croient chanter comme on chantait dans le Temple de Jérusalem!"— *Hist. de la Musique*, tom. i. p. 34.]

[2] [These stanzas were written by Lord Byron, on returning from a ball room, where he had seen Mrs. (now Lady) Wilmot Horton, the wife of his relation, the present Governor of Ceylon. On this occasion Mrs. Wilmot Horton had appeared in mourning, with numerous spangles on her dress.]

III.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.[1]

I.

The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

[1] ["In the reign of King David, music was held in the high estimation by the Hebrews. The genius of that prince for mu and his attachment to the study and practice of it, as well as great number of musicians appointed by him for the performa of religious rites and ceremonies, could not fail to extend its i ence and augment its perfections; for it was during this pe that music was first honoured by being admitted in the minist sacrifice, and worship of the ark; as well as by being cultivate a king."—BURNEY.]

II.

It told the triumphs of our King,
  It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
  The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
  Its sound aspired to heaven and there abode![1]
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
  Devotion and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
  To sounds that seem as from above,
  In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.[2]

[1] ["When Lord Byron put the manuscript into my hand, it terminated with this line. As this, however, did not complete the verse, I asked him to help out the melody. He replied, 'Why, I have sent you to heaven — it would be difficult to go further!' My attention for a few minutes was called to some other person, and his Lordship, whom I had hardly missed, exclaimed, 'Here, Nathan, I have brought you down again;' and immediately presented me the beautiful lines which conclude the melody."— NATHAN.]

[2] [The hymns of David excel no less in sublimity and tenderness of expression, than in loftiness and purity of religious sentiment. In comparison with them, the sacred poetry of all other nations sinks into mediocrity. They have embodied so exquisitely the universal language of religious emotion, that (a few fierce and vindictive passages excepted, natural in the warrior-poet of a sterner age,) they have entered, with unquestionable propriety, into the Christian ritual. The songs which cheered the solitude of the desert caves of Engedi, or resounded from the voice of the Hebrew people as they wound along the glens or the hill-sides of Judea, have been repeated for ages in almost every part of the habitable world, — in the remotest islands of the ocean, among the forests of America, or the sands of Africa. How many human hearts have they softened, purified, exalted! — of how many wretched beings have they been the secret consolation! — on how many communities have they drawn down the blessings of Divine Providence, by bringing the affections in unison with their deep devotional fervour. — MILMAN.]

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

I.

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears —
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light — Eternity!

II.

It must be so: 't is not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

THE WILD GAZELLE.

I.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by: —

II.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

III.

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

IV.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

I.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn — where their God hath dwelt the Godless dwell!

II.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

III.

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country — Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

I.

On Jordan's banks the Arab camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep —
Yet there — even there — Oh God! thy thunders s

II.

There — where thy finger scorch'd the tablet ston
There — where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself — none living see and not expire!

III.

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.[1]

I.

SINCE our Country, our God — Oh, my Sire!
Demand that thy Daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow —
Strike the bosom that 's bared for thee now!

II.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

III.

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure —
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

[1] [Jephtha, a bastard son of Gilead, having been wrongfully expelled from his father's house, had taken refuge in a wild country, and become a noted captain of freebooters. His kindred, groaning under foreign oppression, began to look to their valiant, though lawless compatriot, whose profession, according to their usage, was no more dishonourable than that of a pirate in the elder days of Greece. They sent for him, and made him head of their city. Before he went forth against the Ammonites, he made the memorable vow, that, if he returned victorious, he would sacrifice as a burnt-offering whatever first met him on his entrance into his native city. He gained a splendid victory. At the news of it, his only daughter came dancing forth, in the gladness of her heart and with jocund instruments of music, to salute the deliverer of his people. The miserable father rent his clothes in agony; but the noble-spirited maiden would not hear of the disregard of the vow: she only demanded a short period to bewail upon the mountains, like the Antigone of Sophocles, her dying without hope of becoming a bride or mother, and then submitted to her fate. — MILMAN.]

IV.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my Father and Country are free!

V.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

I.

Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

II.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

III.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou — who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

I.

My soul is dark — Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again:
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'T will flow, and cease to burn my brain.

II.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 't is doom'd to know the worst,
And break at once — or yield to song.[1]

[1] ["It was generally conceived that Lord Byron's reported eccentricities approached on some occasions to derangement; and

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I.

I saw thee weep — the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile — the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

II.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

---

one period, indeed, it was very currently asserted that his lects were actually impaired. The report only served to his Lordship. He referred to the circumstance, and declar he would try how a madman could write: seizing the pen w gerness, he for a moment fixed his eyes in majestic wildn vacancy; when, like a flash of inspiration, without erasing a word, the above verses were the result."— NATHAN.]

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

I.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen Son,
The slaughters of his sword!
The deeds he did, the fields he won,
The freedom he restored!

II.

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
Thou shalt not taste of death!
The generous blood that flow'd from thee
Disdain'd to sink beneath:
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath!

III.

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word!
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
From virgin voices pour'd!
To weep would do thy glory wrong;
Thou shalt not be deplored.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

I.

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

II.

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

III.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

SAUL. [1]

I.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
"Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom seer!"

[1] [Haunted with that insatiable desire of searching into th secrets of futurity, inseparable from uncivilised man, Saul kn not to what quarter to turn. The priests, outraged by his cruel

Earth yawn'd; he stood, the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

II.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O King? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.

---

had forsaken him: the prophets stood aloof: no dreams visited his couch; he had persecuted even the unlawful diviners. He hears at last of a female necromancer, a woman with the spirit of Ob; strangely similar in sound to the Obeah women in the West Indies. To the cave-dwelling of this woman, in Endor, the monarch proceeds in disguise. He commands her to raise the spirit of Samuel. At this daring demand, the woman first recognises, or pretends to recognise, her royal visitor. "Whom seest thou?" says the king.—"Mighty ones ascending from the earth."—"Of what form?"—"An old man covered with a mantle." Saul, in terror, bows down his head to the earth; and, it should seem, not daring to look up, receives from the voice of the spectre the awful intimation of his defeat and death. On the reality of this apparition we pretend not to decide: the figure, if figure there were, was not seen by Saul; and, excepting the event of the approaching battle, the spirit said nothing which the living prophet had not said before, repeatedly and publicly. But the fact is curious, as showing the popular belief of the Jews in departed spirits to have been the same with that of most other nations.—MILMAN.]

Fare thee well, but for a day,
Then we mix our mouldering clay
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul!" [1]

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER

I.

Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possess'd me;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me;
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

[1] ["Since we have spoken of witches," said Lord Byron Cephalonia, in 1823, "what think you of the witch of Endor? have always thought this the finest and most finished witch-sce that ever was written or conceived; and you will be of my opini if you consider all the circumstances and the actors in the ca together with the gravity, simplicity, and dignity of the langua It beats all the ghost-scenes I ever read. The finest conception a similar subject is that of Goethe's Devil, Mephistopheles; a though, of course, you will give the priority to the former, as be inspired, yet the latter, if you know it, will appear to you — least it does to me — one of the finest and most sublime specim of human conception."]

II.

I strive to number o'er what days
  Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
  Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
  Of pleasure unembitter'd;
And not a trapping deck'd my power
  That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

III.

The serpent of the field, by art
  And spells, is won from harming;
But that which coils around the heart,
  Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
  Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
  The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

I.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
  Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
  But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
  By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
  A thing of eyes, that all survey?

II.

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

III.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through Chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

IV.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

I.

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine —
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine!

II.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man; —
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

III.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

IV.

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw — but knew no more.

V.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night, —
The morrow proved it true.

VI.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay,
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant — clear — but, oh how cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE.

I.

Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

II.

If the bad ever triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

III.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
In his hand is my heart and my hope — and in thine
The land and the life which for him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE[1]

I.

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah! couldst thou — thou wouldst pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

II.

And is she dead? — and did they dare
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving. —
But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

III.

She 's gone, who shared my diadem;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;

[1] [Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death by his order. She was a woman of unrivalled beauty, and a haughty spirit: unhappy in being the object of passionate attachment, which bordered on frenzy, to a man who had more or less concern in the murder of her grandfather, father, brother, and uncle, and who had twice commanded her death, in case of his own. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body, which led to temporary derangement. — Milman.]

mine 's the guilt, and mine the hell,
iis bosom's desolation dooming;
I have earn'd those tortures well,
hich unconsumed are still consuming!

THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

I.

M the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome,
ıeld thee, oh Sion! when render'd to Rome:
ıs thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
ı'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

II.

ık'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
ıeld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
the fast fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

III.

nany an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
le I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
he rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

IV.

now on that mountain I stood on that day,
I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;
would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

IV.

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

I.

We sate down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
Were scatter'd all weeping away.

II.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

III.

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

I.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

III.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

IV.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

VI.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

I.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd —
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine —
And there it stood, — all formless — but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:

II.

"Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay — vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!" [1]

[1] [The Hebrew Melodies, though obviously inferior to Lord Byron's other works, display a skill in versification, and a mastery in diction, which would have raised an inferior artist to the very summit of distinction. — JEFFREY.]

THE

MORGANTE MAGGIORE

OF PULCI.

[THE following translation was executed at Ravenna, in February, 1820, and first saw the light in the pages of that unfortunate journal called "The Liberal." The merit of it, as Lord Byron over and over states in his letters, consists in the wonderful *verbum pro verbo* closeness of the version. It was, in fact, an exercise of skill in this art; and cannot be fairly estimated, without continuous reference to the original Italian, which the reader will now for the first time, find placed opposite to the text. Those who want full information, and clear philosophical views, as to the origin of the Romantic Poetry of the Italians, will do well to read at length an article on that subject, from the pen of the late Ugo Foscolo, in the forty-second number of the Quarterly Review. We extract from it the passage in which that learned writer applies himself more particularly to the Morgante of Pulci. After showing that all the poets of this class adopted as the groundwork of their fictions, the old wild materials which had for ages formed the stock-in-trade of the professed story-tellers,—in those days a class of persons holding the same place in Christendom, and more especially in Italy, which their brothers still maintain all over the East,—Foscolo thus proceeds:—

"The customary forms of the narrative all find a place in romantic poetry: such are the sententious reflections suggested by the matters which he has just related, or arising in anticipation of those which he is about to relate, and which the story-teller always opens when he resumes his recitations; his defence of his own merits against the attacks of rivals in trade; and his formal leave-taking when he parts from his audience, and invites them to meet him again on the morrow. This method of winding up each portion of the poem is a favourite among the romantic poets; who constantly finish their cantos with a distich, of which the words may vary, but the sense is uniform.

'All' altro canto ve farò sentire,
Se all' altro canto mi verrete a udire.'—ARIOSTO.

Or at the end of another canto, according to Harrington's translation,—

'I now cut off abruptly here my rhyme,
And keep my tale unto another time.'

"The forms and materials of these popular stories were adopted by writers of a superior class, who considered the vulgar tales of

their predecessors as blocks of marble finely tinted and variegated by the hand of nature, but which might afford a master-piece, when tastefully worked and polished. The romantic poets treated the traditionary fictions just as Dante did the legends invented by the monks to maintain their mastery over weak minds. He formed them into a poem, which became the admiration of every age and nation: but Dante and Petrarca were poets, who, though universally celebrated, were not universally understood. The learned found employment in writing comments upon their poems; but the nation, without even excepting the higher ranks, knew them only by name. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, a few obscure authors began to write romances in prose and rhyme, taking for their subject the wars of Charlemagne and Orlando, or sometimes the adventures of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. These works were so pleasing, that they were rapidly multiplied: but the bards of romance cared little about style or versification,—they sought for adventures, and enchantments, and miracles. We here obtain at least a partial explanation of the rapid decline of Italian poetry, and the amazing corruption of the Italian language, which took place immediately after the death of Petrarch, and which proceeded from bad to worse until the era of Lorenzo de' Medici.

It was then that Pulci composed his Morgante for the amusement of Madonna Lucrezia, the mother of Lorenzo; and he used to recite it at table to Ficino, and Politian, and Lorenzo, and the other illustrious characters who then flourished at Florence: yet Pulci adhered strictly to the original plan of the popular story-tellers; and if his successors have embellished them so that they can scarcely be recognised, it is certain that in no other poem can they be found so genuine and native as in the Morgante. Pulci accommodated himself, though sportively, to the genius of his age: classical taste and sound criticism began to prevail, and great endeavours were making by the learned to separate historical truth from the chaos of fable and tradition: so that, though Pulci introduced the most extravagant fables, he affected to complain of the errors of his predecessors. 'I grieve,' he said, 'for my Emperor Charlemagne; for I see that his history has been badly written and worse understood.'

> 'E del mio Carlo imperador m'increbbe;
> E' stata questa istoria, a quel ch'io veggio,
> Di Carlo, male intesa e scritta peggio.'

"And whilst he quotes the great historian Leonardo Aretino with respect, he professes to believe the authority of the holy Archbishop Turpin, who is also one of the heroes of the poem. In another passage, where he imitates the apologies of the story-tellers, he makes a neat allusion to the taste of his audience. 'I know,' he says, 'that I must proceed straight-forward, and not tell a single lie in the course of my tale. This is not a story of mere

invention: and if I go one step out of the right road, one chastises, another criticises, a third scolds — they try to drive me mad — but in fact they are out of their senses.'

"Pulci's versification is remarkably fluent. Yet he is deficient in melody; his language, is pure, and his expressions flow naturally; but his phrases are abrupt and unconnected. and he frequently writes ungrammatically. His vigour degenerates into harshness, and his love of brevity prevents the developement of his poetical imagery. He bears all the marks of rude genius; he was capable of delicate pleasantry, yet his smiles are usually bitter and severe. His humour never arises from points, but from unexpected situations strongly contrasted. The Emperor Charlemagne sentences King Marsilius of Spain to be hanged for high treason; and Archbishop Turpin kindly offers his services on the occasion.

'E' disse: Io vo', Marsilio, che tu muoja
Dove tu ordinasti il tradimento.
Disse Turpino: Io voglio fare il boja.
Carlo rispose: Ed io son ben contento
Che sia trattato di questi due cani
L' opera santa con le sante mani.'

"Here we have an emperor superintending the execution of a king, who is hanged in the presence of a vast multitude, all of whom are greatly edified at beholding an archbishop officiating in the character of a finisher of the law. Before this adventure took place, Caradoro had despatched an ambassador to the emperor, complaining of the shameful conduct of a wicked Paladin, who had seduced the princess his daughter. The orator does not present himself with modern diplomatic courtesy —

'Macon t' abbatta come traditore,
O disleale e ingiusto imperadore!
A Caradoro è stato scritto, O Carlo.
O Carlo! O Carlo! (e crollava la testa)
De la tua corte, che non puoi negarlo,
De la sua figlia cosa disonesta.'

'O Charles,' he cried, 'Charles, Charles!'— and as he cried
He shook his head — 'a sad complaint I bring
Of shameful acts which cannot be denied:
King Caradore has ascertain'd the thing,
Which comes moreover proved and verified
By letters from your own side of the water
Respecting the behaviour of his daughter.'

'Such scenes may appear somewhat strange; but Caradoro's embassy, and the execution of King Marsilius, are told in strict conformity to the notions of the common people; and as they must still be described if we wished to imitate the popular story-tellers. If Pulci be occasionally refined and delicate, his snatches of amenity resulted from the national character of the Floren-

times, and the revival of letters. But at the same time, we trace to national character, and to the influence of his daily companions, the buffoonery which, in the opinion of foreigners frequently disgraces the poem. M. Ginguené has criticised Pulci in the usual style of his countrymen. He attributes modern manners to ancient times, and takes it for granted that the individuals of every other nation think and act like modern Frenchmen. On these principles, he concludes that Pulci, both with respect to his subject and to his mode of treating it, intended only to write burlesque poetry; because, as he says, such buffoonery could not have been introduced into a composition recited to Lorenzo de' Medici and his enlightened guests, if the author had intended to be in earnest. In the fine portrait of Lorenzo given by Machiavelli at the end of his Florentine history, the historian complains that he took more pleasure in the company of jesters and buffoons than beseemed such a man. It is a little singular that Benedetto Varchi, a contemporary historian, makes the same complaint of Machiavelli himself. Indeed, many known anecdotes of Machiavelli, no less than his fugitive pieces, prove that it was only when he was acting the statesman that he wished to be grave; and that he could laugh like other men when he laid aside his dignity. We do not think he was in the wrong. But, whatever opinion may be formed on the subject, we shall yet be forced to conclude that great men may be compelled to blame the manners of their times, without being able to withstand their influence. In other respects, the poem of Pulci is serious, both in subject and in tone. And here we shall repeat a general observation, which we advise our readers to apply to all the romantic poems of the Italians — *That their comic humour arises from the contrast between the constant endeavours of the writers to adhere to the forms and subjects of the popular story-tellers, and the efforts made at the same time by the genius of these writers to render such materials interesting and sublime.*

"This simple elucidation of the causes of the poetical character of the Morgante has been overlooked by the critics; and they have therefore disputed with great earnestness during the last two centuries, whether the Morgante is written in jest or earnest; and whether Pulci is not an atheist, who wrote in verse for the express purpose of scoffing at all religion. Mr. Merivale inclines, in this Orlando in Roncesvalles, to the opinion of M. Ginguené, that the Morgante is decidedly to be considered as a burlesque poem, and a satire against the Christian religion. Yet Mr. Merivale himself acknowledges that it is wound up with a tragical effect, and dignified by religious sentiment; and is therefore forced to 'leave the question amongst the unexplained, and perhaps inexplicable phenomena of the human mind.' If a similar question had not been already decided, both in regard to Shakspeare and to Ariosto, it might be still a subject of dispute whether the former intended

to write tragedies, and whether the other did not mean to burlesque his heroes. It is a happy thing that, with regard to those two great writers, the war has ended by the fortunate intervention of the general body of readers, who, on such occasions, form their judgment with less erudition and with less prejudice than the critics. But Pulci is little read, and his age is little known. We are told by Mr. Merivale, that 'the points of abstruse theology are discussed in the Morgante with a degree of sceptical freedom which we should imagine to be altogether remote from the spirit of the fifteenth century.' Mr. Merivale follows M. Ginguené, who follows Voltaire. And the philosopher of Ferney, who was always beating up in all quarters for allies against Christianity, collected all the scriptural passages of Pulci, upon which he commented in his own way. But it is only since the Council of Trent, that any doubt which might be raised on a religious dogma exposed an author to the charge of impiety; whilst, in the fifteenth century, a Catholic might be sincerely devout, and yet allow himself a certain degree of latitude in theological doubt. At one and the same time the Florentines might well believe in the Gospel and laugh at a doctor of divinity; for it was exactly at this era that they had been spectators of the memorable controversies between the representatives of the eastern and western churches. Greek and Latin bishops from every corner of Christendom had assembled at Florence for the purpose of trying whether they could possibly understand each other; and when they separated, they hated each other worse than before. At the very time when Pulci was composing his Morgante, the clergy of Florence protested against the excommunications pronounced by Sixtus IV., and with expressions by which his holiness was anathematised in his turn. During these proceedings, an archbishop, convicted of being a papal emissary, was hanged from one of the windows of the government palace at Florence: this event may have suggested to Pulci the idea of converting another archbishop into a hangman. The romantic poets substituted literary and scientific observations for the trivial digressions of the story-tellers. This was a great improvement: and although it was not well managed by Pulci, yet he presents us with much curious incidental matter. In quoting his philosophical friend and contemporary Matteo Palmieri, he explains the instinct of brutes by a bold hypothesis—he supposes that they are animated by evil spirits. This idea gave no offence to the theologians of the fifteenth century; but it excited much orthodox indignation when Father Bougeant, a French monk, brought it forward as a new theory of his own. Mr. Merivale, after observing that Pulci died before the discovery of America by Columbus, quotes a passage 'which will become a very interesting document for the philosophical historian.' We give it in his prose translation:—'The water is level through its whole extent although, like the earth, it has the form of a globe. Mankind

those ages were much more ignorant than now. Hercules would blush at this day for having fixed his columns. Vessels will soon pass far beyond them. They may soon reach another hemisphere, because every thing tends to its centre; in like manner, as by a divine mystery, the earth is suspended in the midst of the stars; here below are cities and empires, which were ancient. The inhabitants of those regions were called Antipodes. They have plants and animals as well as you, and wage wars as well as you." —*Morgante*, c. xxv. st. 229, &c.

"The more we consider the traces of ancient science, which break in transient flashes through the darkness of the middle ages, and which gradually re-illuminated the horizon, the more shall we be disposed to adopt the hypothesis suggested by Bailly, and supported by him with seductive eloquence He maintained that all the acquirements of the Greeks and Romans had been transmitted to them as the wrecks and fragments of the knowledge once possessed by primæval nations, by empires of sages and philosophers, who were afterwards swept from the face of the globe by some overwhelming catastrophe. His theory may be considered as extravagant; but if the literary productions of the Romans were not yet extant, it would seem incredible, that, after the lapse of a few centuries, the civilisation of the Augustan age could have been succeeded in Italy by such barbarity. The Italians were so ignorant that they forgot their family names; and before the eleventh century individuals were known only by their Christian names. They had an indistinct idea, in the middle ages, of the existence of the antipodes; but it was a reminiscence of ancient knowledge. Dante has indicated the number and position of the stars composing the polar constellation of the Austral hemisphere. At the same time he tells us, that when Lucifer was hurled from the celestial regions, the arch-devil transfixed the globe; half his body remained on our side of the centre of the earth, and half on the other side. The shock given to the earth by his fall drove a great portion of the waters of the ocean to the southern hemisphere, and only one high mountain remained uncovered, upon which Dante places his purgatory. As the fall of Lucifer happened before the creation of Adam, it is evident that Dante did not admit that the southern hemisphere had ever been inhabited; but, about thirty years afterwards, Petrarch, who was better versed in the ancient writers, ventured to hint that the sun shone upon mortals who were unknown to us.

'Nella stagion che il ciel rapido inchina
Vers' occidente, e che il dì nostro vola
A gente che di là forse l' aspetta.'

"In the course of half a century after Petrarch, another step was gained. The existence of the antipodes was fully demonstrated. Pulci raises a devil to announce the fact; but it had been taught to him by his fellow-citizen Paolo Toscanelli, an excellent

astronomer and mathematician, who wrote in his old age to Christopher Columbus, exhorting him to undertake his expedition. A few stanzas have been translated by Mr. Merivale, with some slight variations, which do not wrong the original. They may be considered as a specimen of Pulci's poetry, when he writes with imagination and feeling. Orlando bids farewell to his dying horse.

'His faithful steed, that long had served him well
In peace and war, now closed his languid eye,
Kneel'd at his feet, and seem'd to say "Farewell!
I've brought thee to the destined port, and die."
Orlando felt anew his sorrows swell
When he beheld his Brigliadoro lie
Stretch'd on the field, that crystal fount beside,
Stiffen'd his limbs, and cold his warlike pride:
And, "O my much-loved steed, my generous friend,
Companion of my better years!" he said;
"And have I lived to see so sad an end
Of all thy toils, and thy brave spirit fled?
O pardon me, if e'er I did offend
With hasty wrong that mild and faithful head!"—
Just then, his eyes a momentary light
Flash'd quick;—then closed again in endless night.'

"When Orlando is expiring on the field of battle, an angel descends to him, and promises that Alda his wife shall join him in paradise.

'Bright with eternal youth and fadeless bloom,
Thine Aldabella thou shalt behold once more,
Partaker of a bliss beyond the tomb
With her whom Sinai's holy hills adore,
Crown'd with fresh flowers, whose colour and perfume
Surpass what Spring's rich bosom ever bore —
Thy mourning widow here she will remain,
And be in Heaven thy joyful spouse again!'

"Whilst the soul of Orlando was soaring to heaven, a soft and plaintive strain was heard, and angelic voices joined in celestial harmony. They sang the psalm, 'When Israel went out of Egypt;' and the singers were known to be angels from the trembling of their wings.

'Poi si sentì con un suon dolce e fioco
Certa armonia con sì soavi accenti
Che ben parea d' angelici stromenti.
* * * * * *
'*In exitu Israel*, cantar de *Ægypto*,
Sentito fu dagli angeli solenne
Che si conobbe al tremolar le penne.'

Dante has inserted passages from the Vulgate in his Divina

Commedia; and Petrarch, the most religious of poets, quotes Scripture even when he is courting. Yet they were not accused of impiety. Neither did Pulci incur the danger of a posthumous excommunication until after the Reformation, when Pius V. (a Dominican, who was turned into a saint by a subsequent pope) promoted the welfare of holy mother church by burning a few wicked books, and hanging a few troublesome authors. The notion that Pulci was in the odour of heresy influenced the opinion of Milton, who only speaks of the Morgante as a 'sportful romance.' Milton was anxious to prove that Catholic writers had ridiculed popish divines, and that the Bible had been subjected to private judgment, notwithstanding the popes had prohibited the reading of it. His ardour did not allow him to stop and examine whether this prohibition might not be posterior to the death of Pulci. Milton had studied Pulci to advantage. The knowledge which he ascribes to his devils, their despairing repentance, the lofty sentiments which he bestows upon some of them, and, above all, the principle that, notwithstanding their crime and its punishment, they retain the grandeur and perfection of angelic nature, are all to be found in the Morgante as well as in Paradise Lost. Ariosto and Tasso have imitated other passages. When great poets borrow from their inferiors in genius, they turn their acquisitions to such advantage that it is difficult to detect their thefts, and still more difficult to blame them.

"The poem is filled with kings, knights, giants, and devils. There are many battles and many duels. Wars rise out of wars, and empires are conquered in a day. Pulci treats us with plenty of magic and enchantment. His love adventures are not peculiarly interesting; and, with the exception of four or five leading personages, his characters are of no moment. The fable turns wholly upon the hatred which Ganellon, the felon knight of Maganza, bears towards Orlando and the rest of the Christian Paladins. Charlemagne is easily practised upon by Ganellon, his prime confidant and man of business. So he treats Orlando and his friends in the most scurvy manner imaginable, and sends them out to hard service in the wars against France. Ganellon is despatched to Spain to treat with King Marsilius, being also instructed to obtain the cession of a kingdom for Orlando; but he concerts a treacherous device with the Spaniards, and Orlando is killed at the battle of Roncesvalles. The intrigues of Ganellon, his spite, his patience, his obstinacy, his dissimulation, his affected humility, and his inexhaustible powers of intrigue, are admirably depicted: and his character constitutes the chief and finest feature in the poem. Charlemagne is a worthy monarch, but easily gulled. Orlando is a real hero, chaste and disinterested, and who fights in good earnest for the propagation of the faith. He baptizes the giant Morgante, who afterwards serves him like a faithful squire. There is another giant, whose name is Margutte.

Morgante falls in with Margutte; and they become sworn brothers. Margutte is a very infidel giant, ready to confess his failings, and full of drollery. He sets all a-laughing, readers, giants, devils, and heroes; and he finishes his career by laughing till he bursts."

The reader is referred to Mr. Moore's Notices, for Lord Byron's letters written when he was engaged on his version of the Morgante. Great part of them is occupied with anxious endeavours to ascertain whether *usbergo* means a *helmet* or a *cuirass*; a point on which the slightest knowledge of German would have been sufficient to make him easy. *Usbergo* is only another form of our own *hauberk*, and both are manifest corruptions of the German *halsberg*, i. e. *covering of the neck*.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Morgante Maggiore, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the Orlando Innamorato the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one; and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft. The serious poems on Roncesvalles in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr. Merivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely whether Pulci's intention was or was not to deride the religion which is one of his favourite topics. It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to the poet than to the priest, particularly in that age and country; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended

to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough; but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his Parson Adams, Barnabas, Thwackum, Supple, and the Ordinary in Jonathan Wild, — or Scott, for the exquisite use of his Covenanters in the "Tales of my Landlord."

In the following translation I have used the liberty of the original with the proper names: as Pulci uses Gan, Ganellon, or Ganellone; Carlo, Carlomagno, or Carlomano; Rondel, or Rondello, &c., as it suits his convenience; so has the translator. In other respects the version is faithful to the best of the translator's ability in combining his interpretation of the one language with the not very easy task of reducing it to the same versification in the other. The reader, on comparing it with the original, is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from its great mixture of Tuscan proverbs; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favours to few, and sometimes least to those who have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that

been the original of some of the most celebrated ctions on this side of the Alps, as well as of those experiments in poetry in England which have ıready mentioned.[1]

About the 'Morgante Maggiore,' I won't have a line omit- t may circulate or it may not, but all the criticism on earth touch a line, unless it be because it is badly translated. Now ', and I say, and others say, that the translation is a good d so it shall go to press as it is. Pulci must answer for his eligion. I answer for the translation only."— *Lord Byron Murray.* Ravenna, 1820.

ıy don't you publish my Pulci — the best thing I ever wrote." 1.]

IL.

MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

CANTO PRIMO.

I.

In principio era il Verbo appresso a Dio;
Ed era Iddio il Verbo, e 'l Verbo lui:
Questo era nel principio, al parer mio;
E nulla si può far sanza costui:
Però, giusto Signor benigno e pio,
Mandami solo un de gli angeli tui,
Che m' accompagni, e rechimi a memoria
Una famosa antica e degna storia.

II.

E tu Vergine, figlia, e madre, e sposa
Di quel Signor, che ti dette le chiave
Del cielo e dell' abisso, e d' ogni cosa,
Quel dì che Gabriel tuo ti disse Ave!
Perchè tu se' de' tuo' servi pietosa,
Con dolce rime, e stil grato e soave,
Ajuta i versi miei benignamente,
E'nfino al fine allumina la mente.

THE

MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

In the beginning was the Word next God;
God was the Word, the Word no less was he:
This was in the beginning, to my mode
Of thinking, and without him nought could be:
Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,
One only, to be my companion, who
Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

II.

And thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother, bride,
Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
Of heaven, and hell, and every thing beside,
The day thy Gabriel said "All hail!" to thee,
Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,
With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
Be to my verses then benignly kind,
And to the end illuminate my mind.

III.

Era nel tempo, quando Filomena
Con la sorella si lamenta e plora,
Che si ricorda di sua antica pena,
E pe' boschetti le ninfe innamora,
E Febo il carro temperato mena,
Che 'l suo Fetonte l' ammaestra ancora.
Ed appariva appunto all' orizzonte,
Tal che Titon si graffiava la fronte.

IV.

Quand' io varai la mia barchetta, prima
Per ubbidir chi sempre ubbidir debbe
La mente, e faticarsi in prosa e in rima,
E del mio Carlo Imperador m' increbbe;
Che so quanti la penna ha posto in cima,
Che tutti la sua gloria prevarrebbe.
E stata quella istoria, a quel ch' i' veggio,
Di Carlo male intesa, e scritta peggio.

V.

Diceva già Lionardo Aretino,
Che s' egli avesse avuto scrittor degno,
Com' egli ebbe un Ormanno il suo Pipino
Ch' avesse diligenzia avuto e ingegno;
Sarebbe Carlo Magno un uom divino;
Però ch' egli ebbe gran vittorie e regno,
E fece per la chiesa e per la fede
Certo assai più, che non si dice o crede.

VI.

Guardisi ancora a san Liberatore
Quella badía là presso a Manoppello,
Giù ne gli Abbruzzi fatta per suo onore,
Dove fu la battaglia e 'l gran flagello

III.

'T was in the season when sad Philomel
Weeps with her sister, who remembers and
Deplores the ancient woes which both befel,
And makes the nymphs enamour'd, to the hand
Of Phaëton by Phœbus loved so well
His car (but temper'd by his sire's command
Was given, and on the horizon's verge just now
Appear'd, so that Tithonus scratch'd his brow:

IV.

When I prepared my bark first to obey,
As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay
Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will find
By several pens already praised; but they
Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,
For all that I can see in prose or verse,
Have understood Charles badly, and wrote worse.

V.

Leonardo Aretino said already,
That if, like Pepin, Charles had had a writer
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,
No hero would in history look brighter;
He in the cabinet being always ready,
And in the field a most victorious fighter,
Who for the church and Christian faith had wrought,
Certes, far more than yet is said or thought.

VI.

You still may see at Saint Liberatore,
The abbey, no great way from Manopell,
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,
Because of the great battle in which fell

D' un re pagan, che Carlo imperadore
Uccise, e tanto del sue popol fello:
E vedesi tante ossa, e tanto il sanno,
Che tutte in Giusaffà poi si vedranno.

VII.

Ma il mondo cieco e ignorante non prezza
Le sue virtù, com' io vorrei vedere:
E tu, Fiorenza, de la sua grandezza
Possiedi, e sempre potrai possedere
Ogni costume ed ogni gentilezza
Che si potesse aquistare o avere
Col senno col tesoro o con la lancia
Dal nobil sangue e venuto di Francia.

VIII.

Dodici paladini aveva in corte
Carlo; e 'l più savio e famoso era Orlando:
Gan traditor lo condusse a la morte
In Roncisvalle un trattato ordinando;
Là dove il corno sonò tanto forte
Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando
Ne la sua commedia Dante qui dice,
E mettelo con Carlo in ciel felice.

IX.

Era per Pasqua quella dì natale:
Carlo la corte avea tutta in Parigi;
Orlando, com' io dico, il principale
Evvi, il Danese, Astolfo, e Ansuigi:
Fannosi feste e cose trionfale,
E molto celebravan San Dionigi;
Angiolin di Bajona, ed Ulivieri
V' era venuto, e 'l gentil Berlinghieri.

A pagan king, according to the story,
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell:
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if any.

VII.

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't prize
His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,
Florence, by his great bounty don't arise,
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies:
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasure, or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

VIII.

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of whom
The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
In Roncesvalles, as the villain plann'd too,
While the horn rang so loud, and knell'd the doom
Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do;
And Dante in his comedy has given
To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

IX.

'T was Christmas-day; in Paris all his court
Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was,
The Dane; Astolfo there too did resort,
Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass
In festival and in triumphal sport,
The much-renown'd St. Dennis being the cause
Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,
And gentle Belinghieri too came there:

X.

Eravi Avolio, ed Avino, ed Ottone
Di Normandía, Riccardo Paladino,
E 'l savio Namo, e 'l vecchio Salamone,
Gualtier da Monlione, e Baldovino
Ch' era figliuol del tristo Ganellone.
Troppo lieto era il figliuol di Pipino;
Tanto che spesso d' allegrezza geme
Veggendo tutti i paladini insieme.

XI.

Ma la Fortuna attenta sta nascosa,
Per guastar sempre ciascun nostro effetto;
Mentre che Carlo così si riposa,
Orlando governava in fatto e in detto
La corte e Carlo Magno ed ogni cosa:
Gan per invidia scoppia il maladetto,
E cominciava un dì con Carlo a dire:
Abbiam noi sempre Orlando ad ubbidire.

XII.

Io ho creduto mille volte dirti:
Orlando ha in se troppa presunzione:
Noi siam qui conti, re, duchi a servirti
E Namo, Ottone, Uggieri e Salamone,
Per onorarti ognun, per ubbidirti:
Che costui abbi ogni reputazione
Nol sofferrem; ma siam deliberati
Da un fanciullo non esser governati.

XIII.

Tu cominciasti insino in Aspramonte
A dargli a intender che fusse gagliardo,
E facesse gran cose a quella fonte;
Ma se non fusse stato il buon Gherardo,

X.

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salamone,
Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldovin,
Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
Were there, exciting too much gladness in
The son of Pepin : — when his knights came hither,
He groan'd with joy to see them altogether.

XI.

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,
Orlando ruled court, Charles, and every thing ;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king
One day he openly began to say,
" Orlando must we always then obey ?

XII.

" A thousand times I 've been about to say,
Orlando too presumptuously goes on ;
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honour thee and to obey ;
But he has too much credit near the throne,
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

XIII.

" And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win ;
But I know *who* that day had won the fight

Io so che la vittoria era d' Almonte:
Ma egli ebbe sempre l' occhio a lo stendardo;
Che si voleva quel dì coronarlo:
Questo è colui ch' ha meritato, Carlo.

XIV.

Se ti ricorda già sendo in Guascogna,
Quando e' vi venne la gente di Spagna,
Il popol de' Cristiani avea vergogna,
Se non mostrava la sua forza magna.
Il ver convien pur dir, quando e' bisogna:
Sappi ch' ognuno imperador si lagna:
Quant' io per me, ripasserò que' monti
Ch' io passai 'n qua con sessantaduo conti.

XV.

La tua grandezza dispensar si vuole,
E far che ciascun abbi la sua parte:
La corte tutta quanta se ne duole:
Tu credi che costui sia forse Marte?
Orlando un giorno udì queste parole,
Che si sedeva soletto in disparte:
Dispiacquegli di Gan quel che diceva;
Ma molto più che Carlo gli credeva.

XVI.

E volle con la spada uccider Gano;
Ma Ulivieri in quel mezzo si mise,
E Durlindana gli trasse di mano,
E così il me' che seppe gli divise,
Orlando si sdegnò con Carlo Mano,
E poco men che quivi don l' uccise;
E dipartissi di Parigi solo,
E scoppia e' mpazza di sdegno e di duolo.

If it had not for good Gherardo been:
The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

XIV.

"If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffer'd shamefully,
Had not his valour driven them back again.
Best speak the truth when there 's a reason why:
Know then, oh emperor! that all complain:
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O'er which I cross'd with two and sixty counts.

XV.

"'T is fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief:
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?"
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sate apart:
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

XVI.

And with the sword he would have murder'd Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and madden'd with disdain and grief.

XVII.

Ad Ermellina moglie del Danese
Tolse Cortana, e poi tolse Rondello;
E 'n verso Brara il suo cammin poi prese.
Alda la bella, come vide quello,
Per abbracciarlo le braccia distese.
Orlando, che ismarrito avea il cervello,
Com' ella disse: ben venga il mio Orlando:
Gli volle in su la testa dar col brando.

XVIII.

Come colui che la furia consiglia,
Egli pareva a Gan dar veramente:
Alda la bella si fe' maraviglia:
Orlando si ravvide prestamente:
E la sua sposa pigliava la briglia,
E scese dal caval subitamente:
Ed ogni cosa narrava a costei,
E riposossi alcun giorno con lei.

XIX.

Poi si partì portato dal furore,
E terminò passare in Paganía;
E mentre che cavalca, il traditore
Di Gan sempre ricorda per la via:
E cavalcando d' uno in altro errore,
In un deserto truova una badía
In luoghi oscuri e paesi lontani,
Ch' era a' confin' tra Cristiani e pagani.

XX.

L' abate si chiamava Chiaramonte,
Era del sangue disceso d'Anglante:
Di sopra a la badía v' era un gran monte,
Dove abitava alcun fiero gigante,

XVII.

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara prick'd him o'er the plain;
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretch'd forth her arms to clasp her lord again:
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As "Welcome, my Orlando, home," she said,
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head.

XVIII.

Like him a fury counsels; his revenge
On Gan in that rash act he seem'd to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange;
But soon Orlando found himself awake;
And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of every thing which pass'd without demur,
And then reposed himself some days with her.

XIX.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roam'd astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remember'd by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
Which form'd the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

XX.

The abbot was call'd Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante: under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants look'd him over;

De' quali uno avea nome Passamonte,
L' altro Alabastro, e 'l terzo era Morgante:
Con certe frombe gittavan da alto,
Ed ogni dì facevan qualche assalto.

XXI.

I monachetti non potieno uscire
Del monistero o per legne o per acque:
Orlando picchia, e non volieno aprire,
Fin che a l' abate a la fine pur piacque;
Entrato drento cominciava a dire,
Come colui, che di Maria già nacque
Adora, ed era Cristian battezzato,
E com' egli era a la badía arrivato.

XXII.

Disse l' abate: il ben venuto sia:
Di quel ch' io ho volentier ti daremo,
Poi che tu credi al figliuol di Maria;
E la cagion, cavalier, ti diremo,
Acciò che non l' imputi a villania,
Perchè a l' entrar resistenza facemo,
E non ti volle aprir quel monachetto:
Così intervien chi vive con sospetto.

XXIII.

Quando ci venni al principio abitare
Queste montagne, benchè sieno oscure
Come tu vedi; pur si potea stare
Sanza sospetto, ch' ell' eran sicure:
Sol da le fiere t' avevi a guardare;
Fernoci spesso di brutte paure;
Or ci bisogna, se vogliamo starci,
Da le bestie dimestiche guardarci.

One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

XXI.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood;
Orlando knock'd, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seem'd good;
Enter'd, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then show'd
How to the abbey he had found his road.

XXII.

Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barr'd to you:
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

XXIII.

"When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seem'd to promise an asylum sure:
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'T was fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we 'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

XXIV.

Queste ci fan piuttosto stare a segno
Sonci appariti tre fieri giganti,
Non so di quel paese o di qual regno,
Ma molto son feroci tutti quanti:
La forza e 'l malvoler giunt' a lo 'ngegno
Sai che può 'l tutto; e noi non siam bastanti;
Questi perturban sì l'orazion nostra,
Che non so più che far, s' altri nol mostra.

XXV.

Gli antichi padri nostri nel deserto,
Se le lor opre sante erano e giuste,
Del ben servir da Dio n'avean buon merto;
Nè creder sol vivessin di locuste:
Piovea dal ciel la manna, questo è certo;
Ma qui convien che spesso assaggi e guste
Sassi che piovon di sopra quel monte,
Che gettano Alabastro e Passamonte.

XXVI.

E 'l terzo ch' è Morgante, assai più fiero,
Isveglie e pini e faggi e cerri e gli oppi,
E gettagli infin qui: questo è pur vero;
Non posso far che d' ira non iscoppi.
Mentre che parlan così in cimitero,
Un sasso par che Rondel quasi sgroppi;
Che da' giganti giù venne da alto
Tanto, ch' e' prese sotto il tetto un salto.

XXVII.

Tirati drento, cavalier, per Dio,
Disse l' abate, che la manna casca.
Risponde Orlando: caro abate mio,
Costui non vuol che 'l mio caval più pasca:

XXIV.

" These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appear'd three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all — *we* are not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do, till matters change.

XXV.

" Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 't is certain
That manna was rain'd down from heaven instead;
But here 't is fit we keep on the alert in [bread,
Our bounds, or taste the stones shower'd down for
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

XXVI.

" The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far; he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes."
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crush'd Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

XXVII.

" For God-sake, cavalier, come in with speed;
The manna 's falling now," the abbot cried.
" This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear abbot," Roland unto him replied.

Veggo che lo guarrebbe del restìo :
Quel sasso par che di buon braccio nasca.
Rispose il santo padre : io non t' inganno,
Credo che 'l monte un giorno gitteranno.

XXVIII.

Orlando governar fece Rondello,
E ordinar per se da colazione :
Poi disse : abate, io voglio andare a quello
Che dette al mio caval con quel cantone.
Disse l' abate : come car fratello
Consiglierotti sanza passione ?
Io ti sconforto, baron, di tal gita ;
Ch' io so che tu vi lascerai la vita.

XXIX.

Quel Passamonte porta in man tre dardi :
Chi frombe, chi baston, chi mazzafrusti ;
Sai che giganti più di noi gagliardi
Son per ragion, che son anco più giusti ;
E pur se vuoi andar fa che ti guardi,
Che questi son villan molto e robusti.
Rispose Orlando : io lo vedrò per certo ;
Ed avviossi a piè su pel deserto.

XXX.

Disse l' abate col segnarlo in fronte :
Va, che da Dio e me sia benedetto.
Orlando, poi che salito ebbe il monte.
Si dirizzò, come l' abate detto
Gli avea, dove sta quel Passamonte ;
Il quale Orlando veggendo soletto,
Molto lo squadra di drieto e davante ;
Poi domandò, se star volea per fante ?

" Of restiveness he 'd cure him had he need;
That stone seems with good will and aim applied."
The holy father said, " I don't deceive;
They 'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

XXVIII.

" Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own:
" Abbot," he said, " I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone."
Said the abbot, " Let not my advice seem shallow;
As to a brother dear I speak alone;
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

XXIX.

" That Passamont has in his hand three darts —
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must:
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than us, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust."
Orlando answer'd, " This I 'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

XXX.

The abbot sign'd the great cross on his front,
" Then go you with God's benison and mine:"
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Survey'd him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then ask'd him, " If he wish'd to stay as servant?"

XXXI.

E' prometteva di farlo godere.
Orlando disse: pazzo Saracino,
Io vengo a te, com' è di Dio volere,
Per darti morte, e non per ragazzino;
A' monaci suoi fatto hai dispiacere;
Non può più comportarti can mastino.
Questo gigante armar si corse a furia,
Quando sentì ch' e' gli diceva ingiuria,

XXXII.

E ritornato ove aspettava Orlando,
Il qual non s'era partito da bomba;
Subito venne la corda girando,
E lascia un sasso andar fuor de la fromba,
Che in su la testa giugnea rotolando
Al conte Orlando, e l' elmetto rimbomba;
E' cadde per la pena tramortito;
Ma più che morto par, tanto è stordito.

XXXIII.

Passamonte pensò che fusse morto,
E disse: io voglio andarmi a disarmare:
Questo poltron per chi m' aveva scorto?
Ma Cristo i suoi non suole abbandonare,
Massime Orlando, ch' egli arebbe il torto.
Mentre il gigante l' arme va a spogliare,
Orlando in questo tempo si risente,
E rivocava e la forza e la mente.

XXXIV.

E gridò forte: gigante, ove vai?
Ben ti pensasti d' avermi ammazzato!
Volgiti a drieto, che, s' ale non hai,
Non puoi da me fuggir, can rinnegato;

XXXI.

And promised him an office of great ease.
But said, Orlando, "Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
God, not to serve as footboy in your train;
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace —
Vile dog! 't is past his patience to sustain."
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious.

XXXII.

And being return'd to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurl'd a stone with strength so rude,
As show'd a sample of his skill in slinging;
It roll'd on Count Orlando's helmet good
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swoon'd with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seem'd so stupified.

XXXIII.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, "I will go, and while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight,
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defences,
Orlando has recall'd his force and senses:

XXXIV.

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid;
To the right about — without wings thou 'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance — currish renegade?"

A tradimento ingiuriato m' hai.
Donde il gigante allor maravigliato
Si volse a drieto, e riteneva il passo;
Poi si chinò per tor di terra un sasso.

XXXV.

Orlando avea Cortana ignuda in mano;
Trasse a la testa: e Cortana tagliava:
Per mezzo il teschio partì del pagano,
E Passamonte morto rovinava:
E nel cadere il superbo e villano
Divotamente Macon bestemmiava;
Ma mentre che bestemmia il crudo e acerbo,
Orlando ringraziava il Padre e 'l Verbo.

XXXVI.

Dicendo: quanta grazia oggi m' ha 'data!
Sempre ti sono, o signor mio, tenuto;
Per te conosco la vita salvata;
Però che dal gigante era abbattuto:
Ogni cosa a ragion fai misurata;
Non val nostro poter sanza il tuo ajuto.
Priegoti, sopra me tenga la mano,
Tanto che ancor ritorni a Carlo Mano.

XXXVII.

Poi ch' ebbe questo detto sen' andòe,
Tanto che trouva Alabastro più basso
Che si sforzava, quando e' lo trovòe,
Di sveglier d' una ripa fuori un masso.
Orlando, com' e' giunse a quel, gridòe:
Che pensi tu, ghiotton, gittar quel sasso?
Quando Alabastro questo grido intende,
Subitamente la sua fromba prende.

T was but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment betray'd,
And turn'd about, and stopp'd his journey on,
And then he stoop'd to pick up a great stone.

XXXV.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;
To split the head in twain was what he schemed: —
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And pagan Passamont died unredeem'd,
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he bann'd,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed;
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thank'd the Father and the Word, —

XXXVI.

Saying, "What grace to me thou 'st this day given!
And I to thee, oh Lord! am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly down'd.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would nought be found:
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman."

XXXVII.

And having said thus much, he went his way;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reach'd him, loud 'gan say,
"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

XXXVIII.

E' trasse d' una pietra molto grossa,
Tanto ch' Orlando bisognò schermisse;
Che se l' avesse giunto la percossa,
Non bisognava il medico venisse.
Orlando adoperò poi la sua possa;
Nel pettignon tutta la spada misse:
E morto cadde questo babalone,
E non dimenticò però Macone.

XXXIX.

Morgante aveva al suo modo un palagio
Fatto di frasche e di schegge e di terra:
Quivi, secondo lui, si posa ad agio;
Quivi la notte si rinchiude e serra.
Orlando picchia, e daragli disagio,
Perchè il gigante dal sonno si sferra;
Vennegli aprir come una cosa matta;
Ch' un' aspra visione aveva fatta.

XL.

E 'gli parea ch' un feroce serpente
L' avea assalito, e chiamar Macometto;
Ma Macometto non valea niente:
Ond' e' chiamava Gesù benedetto;
E liberato l' avea finalmente.
Venne alla porta, ed ebbe così detto;
Chi buzza qua? pur sempre borbottando.
Tu 'l saprai tosto, gli rispose Orlando.

XLI.

Vengo per farti, come a' tuo' fratelli,
Far de' peccati tuoi la penitenzia,
Da' monaci mandato, cattivelli,
Come stato è divina providenzia;

XXXVIII.

And hurl'd a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfill'd its mission,
And Roland not avail'd him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

XXXIX.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
And stretch'd himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knock'd, and knock'd again, to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

XL.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attack'd him;
And Mahomet he call'd; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant back'd him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which rack'd him;
And to the gate he came with great regret—
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see:

XLI.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
Sent by the miserable monks — repentance;
For Providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.

Pel mal ch' avete fatto a torto a quelli,
E dato in ciel così questa sentenzia;
Sappi, che freddo già più ch' un pilastro
Lasciato ho Passamonte e'l tuo Alabastro.

XLII.

Disse Morgante: o gentil cavaliere,
Per lo tuo Dio non mi dir villania:
Di grazia il nome tuo vorrei sapere;
Se se' Cristian, deh dillo in cortesia.
Rispose Orlando: di cotal mastiere
Contenterotti per la fede mia;
Adoro Cristo, ch' è Signor verace;
E puoi tu adorarlo, se ti piace.

XLIII.

Rispose il Saracin con umil voce:
Io ho fatto una strana visione,
Che m' assaliva un serpente feroce:
Non mi valeva per chiamar Macone:
Onde al tuo Dio che fu confitto in croce
Rivolsi presto la mia intenzione:
E' mi soccorse, e fui libero e sano,
E son disposto al tutto esser Cristiano.

XLIV.

Rispose Orlando: baron giusto e pio,
Se questo buon voler terrai nel core,
L' anima tua arà quel vero Dio
Che ci può sol gradir d' eterno onore:
E s' tu vorrai, sarai compagno mio,
E amerotti con perfetto amore:
Gl' idoli vostri son bugiardi e vani:
Il vero Dio è lo Dio de' Cristiani.

is writ on high — your wrong must pay another's ·
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.
ıow then, that colder now than a pilaster
eft your Passamont and Alabaster."

XLII.

›rgante, said, " Oh gentle cavalier !
Now by thy God say me no villany;
e favour of your name I fain would hear,
And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
plied Orlando, " So much to your ear
[by my faith disclose contentedly;
rist I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
ıd, if you please, by you may be adored."

XLIII.

ıe Saracen rejoin'd in humble tone,
" I have had an extraordinary vision;
savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition;
ınce to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, preferr'd I my petition;
s timely succour set me safe and free,
ıd I a Christian am disposed to be."

XLIV.

lando answer'd, " Baron just and pious,
If this good wish your heart can really move,
the true God, you will not then deny us
Eternal honour, you will go above,
ıd, if you please, as friends we will ally us,
And I will love you with a perfect love.
ur idols are vain liars, full of fraud:
e only true God is the Christian's God.

XLV.

Venne questo Signor sanza peccato
Ne le sua madre vergine pulzella:
Se conoscessi quel Signor beato,
Sanza 'l qual non risplende sole o stella,
Aresti già Macon tuo rinnegato,
E la sua fede iniqua ingiusta e fella;
Battezzati al mio Dio di buon talento.
Morgante gli rispose: io son contento.

XLVI.

E corse Orlando subito abbracciare:
Orlando gran carezze gli facea,
E disse: a la badía ti vo' menare.
Morgante, andianci presto, respondea;
Co' monaci la pace ci vuol fare.
De la qual cosa Orlando in se godea,
Dicendo; fratel mio divoto e buono,
Io vò che chiegga a l' abate perdono.

XLVII.

Da poi che Dio ralluminato t' ha,
Ed acettato per la sua umiltade;
Vuolsi che tu ancor usi umiltà.
Disse Morgante: per la tua bontade,
Poi che il tuo Dio mio sempre omai sarà,
Dimmio del nome tuo la veritade,
Poi di me dispor puoi al tuo comando;
Ond' e' gli disse, com' egli era Orlando.

XLVIII.

Disse il gigante: Gesù benedetto
Per mille volte ringraziato sia;
Sentito t' ho nomar, baron perfetto,
Per tutti i tempi de la vita mia:

XLV.

" The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
Your renegado god, and worship mine, —
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
To which Morgante answer'd, " I'm content."

XLVI.

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
" To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."
To whom Morgante, " Let us go," replied;
" I to the friars have for peace to sue."
Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, " My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would:

XLVII.

" Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation."
Morgante said, " For goodness' sake, make known,—
Since that your God is to be mine — your station,
And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I every thing at your command do."
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

XLVIII.

" Then," quoth the giant, " blessed be Jesu
A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
Through all the different periods of my days:

E, com' io dissi sempremai suggetto
Esser ti vo' per la tua gagliardia.
Insieme molte cose ragionaro,
E 'n verso la badía poi s' inviaro.

XLIX.

E per la via da que' giganti morti
Orlando con Morgante sì ragiona:
De la lor morte vo' che ti conforti;
E poi che piace a Dio, a me perdona;
A' monaci avean fatto mille torti;
E la nostra scrittura aperto suona.
Il ben remunerato, e 'l mal punito;
E mai non ha questo Signor fallito,

L.

Però ch' egli ama la giustizia tanto,
Che vuol, che sempre il suo giudicio morda
Ognun ch' abbi peccato tanto o quanto;
E così il ben ristorar si ricorda:
E non saria senza giustizia santo:
Adunque al suo voler presto t' accorda:
Che debbe ognun voler quel che vuol questo,
Ed accordarsi volentieri e presto.

LI.

E sonsi i nostri dottori accordati,
Pigliando tutti une conclusione,
Che que' son nel ciel glorificati,
S' avessin nel pensier compassione
De' miseri parenti, che dannati
Son ne lo inferno in gran confusione,
La lor felicità nulla sarebbe;
E vidi che qui ingiusto Iddio parebbe.

And, as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry always."
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way.

XLIX.

And by the way about the giants dead
Orlando with Morgante reason'd: "Be,
For their decease, I pray you, comforted;
And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me;
A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred,
And our true Scripture soundeth openly,
Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
Which the Lord never faileth to fulfil:

L.

"Because his love of justice unto all
Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
All who have sin, however great or small;
But good he well remembers to restore.
Nor without justice holy could we call
Him, whom I now require you to adore.
All men must make his will their wishes sway,
And quickly and spontaneously obey.

LI.

"And here our doctors are of one accord,
Coming on this point to the same conclusion, —
That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord
If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion
For their unfortunate relations stored
In hell below, and damn'd in great confusion, —
Their happiness would be reduced to nought,
And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

LII.

Ma egli anno posto in Gesù ferma spene;
E tanto pare a lor, quanto a lui pare;
Afferman ciò ch' e' fa, che facci bene,
E che non possi in nessun modo errare:
Se padre o madre è nell' eterne pene,
Di questo non si posson conturbare:
Che quel che piace a Dio, sol piace a loro:
Questo s' osserva ne l' eterno coro.

LIII.

Al savio suol bastar poche parole,
Disse Morgante; tu il potrai vedere,
De' miei fratelli, Orlando, se mi duole,
E s' io m' accorderò di Dio al volere,
Come tu dì' che in ciel servar si suole:
Morti co' morti; or pensiam di godere;
Io vo tagliar le mani a tutti quanti,
E porterolle a que' monaci santi,

LIV.

Acciò ch' ognun sia più sicuro e certo,
Com' e' son morti, e non abbin paura
Andar soletti per questo deserto;
E perchè veggan la mia mente pura
A quel Signor che m' ha il suo regno aperto.
E tratto fuor di tenebre sì oscura.
E poi tagliò le mani a' due fratelli,
E lasciagli a le fiere ed agli uccelli.

LV.

A la badía insieme se ne vanno,
Ove l' abate assai dubbioso aspetta:
I monaci che 'l fatto ancor non sanno,
Correvano a l' abate tutti in fretta,

LII.

" But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
Which seems to him, to them too must appear
Well done; nor could it otherwise befall;
He never can in any purpose err.
If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
They don't disturb themselves for him or her:
What pleases God to them must joy inspire; —
Such is the observance of the eternal choir."

LIII.

" A word unto the wise," Morgante said,
" Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
And if the will of God seem good to me,
Just, as you tell me, 't is in heaven obey'd —
Ashes to ashes, — merry let us be!
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks.

LIV.

" So that all persons may be sure and certain
That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain
Of darkness, making his bright realm appear."
He cut his brethen's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

LV.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,

Dicendo paurosi e pien' d' affanno:
Volete voi costui drento si metta?
Quando l' abate vedeva il gigante,
Si turbò tutto nel primo sembiante.

LVI.

Orlando che turbato così il vede,
Gli disse presto: abate, datti pace,
Questo è Cristiano, e in Cristo nostro crede,
E rinnegato ha il suo Macon fallace.
Morgante i moncherin mostrò per fede,
Come i giganti ciascun morto giace:
Donde l' abate ringraziavia Iddio,
Dicendo; or m' hai contento, Signor mio.

LVII.

E risguardava, e squadrava Morgante,
La sua grandezza e una volta e due,
E poi gli disse: O famoso gigante,
Sappi ch' io non mi maraviglio più'e,
Che tu svegliessi e gittassi le piante,
Quand' io riguardo or le fattezze tue:
Tu sarai or perfetto e vero amico
A Cristo, quanto tu gli eri nimico.

LVIII.

Un nostro apostal, Saul già chiamato,
Perseguì molto la fede di Cristo:
Un giorno poi da lo spirto infiammato,
Perchè pur mi persegui? disse Cristo:
E' si ravvide allor del suo peccato
Andò poi predicando sempre Cristo;
E fatto è or de la fede una tromba,
La qual per tutto risuona e rimbomba.

Saying with tremor, " Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out ?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly fear'd, at first, to be compliant.

LVI.

Orlando seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, " Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, " Thou hast contented me, oh Lord ! "

LVII.

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, " Oh giant celebrated !
Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes.
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

LVIII.

" And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,
' Why dost thou persecute me thus ? ' said Christ;
And then from his offence he was reclaim'd,
And went for ever after preaching Christ,
And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

LIX.

Cosi farai tu ancor, Morgante mio:
E chi s' emenda, è scritto nel Vangelo,
Che maggior festa fa d' un solo Iddio,
Che di novantanove altri su in cielo:
Io ti conforto ch' ogni tuo disio
Rivolga a quel Signor con giusto zelo,
Che tu sarai felice in sempiterno,
Ch' eri perduto, e dannato all' inferno.

LX.

E grande onore a Morgante faceva
L' abate, e molti dì si son posti:
Un giorno, come ad Orlando piaceva,
A spasso in quà e in là si sono andati:
L' abate in una camera sua aveva
Molte armadure e certi archi appiccati:
Morgante gliene piacque un che ne vede;
Onde e' sel cinse bench' oprar nol crede.

LXI.

Avea quel luogo d' acqua carestia:
Orlando disse come buon fratello:
Morgante, vo' che di piacer ti sia
Andar per l' acqua: ond' e' rispose a quell
Comanda ciò che vuoi che fatto sia;
E posesi in ispalla un gran tinello,
Ed avviossi là verso una fonte
Dove solea ber sempre appiè del monte.

LXII.

Giunto a la fonte, sente un gran fracasso
Di subito venir per la foresta:
Una saetta cavò del turcasso,
Posela a l' arco, ed alzava la testa;

LIX.

" So, my Morgante, you may do likewise:
He who repents — thus writes the Evangelist —
Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
You may be sure, should each desire arise
With just zeal for the Lord, that you 'll exist
Among the happy saints for evermore;
But you were lost and damn'd to hell before!"

LX.

And thus great honour to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both stray'd,
And saunter'd here and there, where'er they chose,
The abbot show'd a chamber, where array'd
Much armour was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

LXI.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
" Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." " You shall be obey'd
In all commands," was the reply, " straightways."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

LXII.

Arriv'd there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;

Ecco apparire un gran gregge al passo
Di porci, e vanno con molta tempesta;
E arrivorno alla fontana appunto
Donde il gigante è da lor sopraggiunto.

LXIII.

Morgante a la ventura a un saetta;
Appunto ne l' orecchio lo 'ncarnava:
Da l' altro lato passò la verretta;
Onde il cinghial giù morto gambettava;
Un altro, quasi per farne vendetta,
Addosso al gran gigante irato andava;
E perchè e' giunse troppo tosto al varco.
Non fu Morgante a tempo a trar con l' arco.

LXIV.

Vedendosi venuto il porco adosso,
Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone [1]
Per modo che gl' infranse insino a l' osso,
E morto allato a quell' altro lo pone:
Gli altri porci veggendo quel percosso,
Si misson tutti in fuga pel vallone;
Morgante si levò il tinello in collo,
Ch' era pien d' acqua, e non si muove un crollo.

LXV.

Da l' una spalla il tinello avea posto,
Da l' altra i porci, e spacciava il terreno;
E torna a la badía, ch' è pur discosto,
Ch' una gocciola d' acqua non va in seno.

[1] "Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone." It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has carried to the highest pitch. "*A punch on the head*," or "*a punch* in *the head*,"

And lo! a monstrous herd of swine apppears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;
So that the giant 's join'd by all the boars.

LXIII.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And pass'd unto the other side quite thorough;
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripp'd up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rush'd in fierce career,
And reach'd the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

LXIV.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head,
As floor'd him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor sl

LXV.

The ton was on one shoulder, and there were
The hogs on t' other, and he brush'd apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.

—"un punzone in su la testa,"—is the exact and frequent p of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talkin purest Tuscan.

Orlando che 'l vedea tornar sì tosto
Co' porci morti, e con quel vaso pieno;
Maravigliossi che sia tanto forte:
Così l' abate; e spalancan le porte.

LXVI.

I monaci veggendo l' acqua fresca
Si rallegrorno, ma più de' cinghiali;
Ch' ogni animal si rallegra de l' esca;
E posano a dormire i breviali:
Ognun s' affanna, e non par che gl' incresca,
Acciò che questa carne nog s' insali,
E che poi secca sapesse di victo;
E la digiune si restorno a drieto.

LXVII.

E ferno a scoppia corpo per un tratto,
E scuffian, che parian de l' acqua usciti;
Tanto che 'l cane sen doleva e 'l gatto,
Che gli ossi rimanean troppo puliti.
L' abate, poi che molto onoro ha fatto
A tutti, un dì dopo questi conviti
Dette a Morgante un destrier molto bello,
Che lungo tempo tenuto avea quello.

LXVIII.

Morgante in su 'n un prato il caval mena,
E vuol che corra, e che facci ogni pruova,
E pensa che di ferro abbi la schiena,
O forse non credeva schiacciar l' uova:
Questo caval s' accoscia per la pena,
E scoppia, e 'n su la terra si ritruova.
Dicea Morgante: lieva su, rozzone;
E va pur punzecchiando co lo sprone.

Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marvell'd to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

LXVI.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork; —
All animals are glad at sight of food:
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

LXVII.

As though they wish'd to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were pick'd too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honour great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well train'd,
Which he long time had for himself maintain'd.

LXVIII.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

LXIX.

Ma finalmente convien ch' egli smonte,
E disse: io son pur leggier come penna,
Ed è scoppiato; che ne di' tu, conte?
Rispose Orlando; un arbore d' antenna
Mi par piuttosto, e la gaggia la fronte:
Lascialo andar, che la fortuna accenna
Che meco appiede ne venga, Morgante.
Ed io così verrò, disse il gigante.

LXX.

Quando serà mestier, tu mi vedrai
Com' io mi proverò ne la battaglia.
Orlando disse: io credo tu farai
Come buon cavalier, se Dio mi vaglia;
Ed anco me dormir non mirerai:
Di questo tuo caval non te ne caglia:
Vorrebbesi portarlo in qualche bosco;
Ma il modo ne la via non ci conosco.

LXXI.

Disse il gigante: io il porterò ben io,
Da poi che porter me non ha voluto,
Per render ben per mal, come fa Dio;
Ma vo' che a porlo addosso mi dia ajuto.
Orlando gli dicea: Morgante mio,
S' al mio consiglio ti sarai attenuto,
Questo caval tu non ve 'l porteresti,
Che ti farà come tu a lui facesti,

LXXII.

Guarda che non facesse la vendetta,
Come fece già Nesso così morto:
Non so se la sua istoria hai inteso o letta;
E' ti farà scoppiar; datti conforto.

LXIX.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, " I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst ; — to this what say you, count ? "
Orlando answer'd, " Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front : —
Let him go ! Fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot Morgante still."
To which the giant answer'd, " So I will.

LXX.

" When there shall be occasion, you will see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, " I really think you 'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight ;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'T were best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

LXXI.

The giant said, " Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack —
To render, as the gods do, good for ill ;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answer'd, " If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

LXXII.

" Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.
I don't know if the fact you 've heard or read ;
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."

Disse Morgante: ajuta ch' io me 'l metta
Addosso, e poi vedrai s' io ve lo porto:
Io porterei, Orlando mio gentile,
Con le campane la quel campanile.

LXXIII.

Disse l' abate: il campanil v' è bene;
Ma le campane voi l' avete rotte.
Dicea Morgante, e' ne porton le pene
Color che morti son là in quelle grotte;
E levossi il cavallo in su le schiene,
E disse: guarda s' io sento di gotte,
Orlando, nelle gambe, e s' io lo posso;
E fe' duo salti col cavallo addosso.

LXXIV.

Era Morgante come una montagna:
Se facea questo, non è maraviglia;
Ma pure Orlando con seco si lagna;
Perchè pur era omai di sua famiglia
Temenza avea non pigliasse magagna.
Un' altra volta costui riconsiglia:
Posalo ancor, nol portare al deserto.
Disse Morgante: il porterò per certo.

LXXV.

E portollo, e gittollo in luogo strano,
E tornò a la badia subitamente,
Diceva Orlando: or che più dimoriano?
Morgante, qui non facciam noi niente;
E prese un giorno l' abate per mano,
E disse a quel molto discretamente,
Che vuol partir de la sua reverenzia,
E domandava e perdono e licenzia.

" But help him on my back," Morgante said,
" And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I 'd carry yonder belfry."

LXXIII.

The abbot said, " The steeple may do well,
But, for the bells, you 've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answer'd, " Let them pay in hell
The penalty who lie dead in yon grot; "
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, " Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs — or if I have force; " —
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

LXXIV.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 't is no prodigy;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maim'd,
Once more he bade him lay his burden by:
" Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, " I 'll carry him for certain."

LXXV.

He did; and stow'd him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then return'd with speed.
Orlando said, " Why longer do we stay?
Morgante, here is nought to do indeed."
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
And said, with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his reverence; but for this decision
He wish'd to have his pardon and permission.

LXXVI.

E de gli onor ricevuti da questi,
Qualche volta portendo, arà buon merito,
E dice: io intendo ristorare e presto
I persi giorni del tempo preterito;
E' son più dì che licenzia arei chiesto,
Benigno padre, se non ch' io mi perito;
Non so mostrarvi quel che drento sento;
Tanto vi veggo del mio star contento.

LXXVII.

Io me ne porto per sempre nel core
L' abate, la badìa, questo deserto;
Tanto v' ho posto in picciol tempo amore:
Rendavi su nel ciel per me buon merto:
Quel vero Dio, quello eterno Signore
Che vi serba il suo regno al fine aperto:
Noi aspettiam vostro benedizione,
Raccomandiamci a le vostre orazione,

LXXVIII.

Quando l' abate il conte Orlando intese,
Rintenerì nel cor per la dolcezza,
Tanto fervor nel petto se gli accese;
E disse: cavalier, se a tua prodezza
Non sono stato benigno e cortese,
Come conviensi a la gran gentillezza;
Che so che ciò ch' i' ho fatto è stato poco,
Incolpa la ignoranzia nostra e il loco.

LXXIX.

Noi ti potremo di messe onorare,
Dì prediche di laude e paternostri,
Piuttosto che da cena o desinare,
O d' altri convenevol che da chiostri;

LXXVI.

The honours they continued to receive
Perhaps exceeded what his merits claim'd:
He said, "I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
The lost days of time past, which may be blamed;
Some days ago I should have ask'd your leave,
Kind father, but I really was ashamed,
And know not how to show my sentiment,
So much I see you with our stay content.

LXXVII.

"But in my heart I bear through every clime
The abbot, abbey, and this solitude —
So much I love you in so short a time;
For me, from heaven reward you with all good
The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime!
Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood.
Meantime we stand expectant of your blessing,
And recommend us to your prayers with pressing."

LXXVIII.

Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
Such fervour in his bosom bred each word;
And, "Cavalier," he said, "if I have less
Courteous and kind to your great worth appear'd,
Than fits me for such gentle blood to express,
I know I have done too little in this case;
But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

LXXIX.

"We can indeed but honour you with masses,
And sermons, thanksgivings, and pater-nosters,
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places
In verity much rather than the cloisters);

Tu m' hai di te sì fatto innamorare
Per mille alte eccellenzie che tu mostri;
Ch' io me ne vengo ove tu andrai teco.
E d' altra parte tu resti quì meco.

LXXX.

Tanto ch' a questo par contraddizione;
Ma so che tu se' savio, e 'ntendi e gusti,
E intendi il mio parlar per discrizione;
De' beneficj tuoi pietosi e giusti
Renda il Signore a te munerazione,
Da cui mandato in queste selve fusti;
Per le virtù del qual liberi siamo,
E grazie a lui e a te noi ne rendiamo.

LXXXI.

Tu ci hai salvato l' anima e la vita:
Tanta perturbazion già que' giganti
Ci detton, che la strada era smarrita
Da ritrovar Gesù con gli altri santi:
Però troppo ci duol la tua partita,
E sconsolati restiam tutti quanti;
Nè ritener possiamti i mesi e gli anni:
Che tu non se' da vestir questi panni,

LXXXII.

Ma da portar la lancia e l' armadura:
E puossi meritar con essa, come
Con questa cappa; e leggi la scrittura:
Questo gigante al ciel drizzò le some
Per tua virtù; va in pace a tua ventura
Chi tu ti sia, ch' io non ricerco il nome;
Ma dirò sempre, s' io son domandato,
Ch' un angiol qui da Dio fussi mandato.

But such a love for you my heart embraces,
For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,
That wheresoe'er you go I too shall be,
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

LXXX.

" This may involve a seeming contradiction;
But you I know are sage, and feel, and taste,
And understand my speech with full conviction.
For your just pious deeds may you be graced
With the Lord's great reward and benediction,
By whom you were directed to this waste:
To his high mercy is our freedom due,
For which we render thanks to him and you.

LXXXI.

" You saved at once our life and soul: such fear
The giants caused us, that the way was lost
By which we could pursue a fit career
In search of Jesus and the saintly host;
And your departure breeds such sorrow here,
That comfortless we all are to our cost;
But months and years you would not stay in sloth,
Nor are you form'd to wear our sober cloth;

LXXXII.

" But to bear arms, and wield the lance; indeed,
With these as much is done as with this cowl;
In proof of which the Scriptures you may read.
This giant up to heaven may bear his soul
By your compassion: now in peace proceed.
Your state and name I seek not to unroll;
But, if I 'm ask'd, this answer shall be given,
That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

LXXXIII.

Se c' è armadura o cosa che tu voglia,
Vattene in zambra e pigliane tu stessi,
E cuopri a questo gigante le scoglia.
Rispose Orlando: se armadura avessi
Prima che noi uscissim de la soglia,
Che questo mio compagno difendessi:
Questo accetto io, e sarammi piacere.
Disse l' abate: venite a vedere.

LXXXIV.

E in certa cameretta entrati sono,
Che d' armadure vecchie era copiosa:
Dice l' abate: tutte ve le dono.
Morgante va rovistando ogni cosa;
Ma solo un certo sbergo gli fu buono,
Ch' avea tutta la maglia rugginosa:
Maravigliossi che lo cuopra appunto:
Che mai più gnun forse glien' era aggiunto.

LXXXV.

Questo fu d' un gigante smisurata,
Ch' a la badía fu morto per antico
Dal gran Milon d' Angrante, ch' arrivato;
V' era, s' appunto questa istoria dico;
Ed era ne le mura istoriato,
Come e' fu morto questo gran nimico
Che fece a la badía già lunga guerra:
E Milon v' è com' e' l' abbatte in terra.

LXXXVI.

Veggendo questa istoria il conte Orlando,
Fra suo cor disse: o Dio, che sai sol tutto,
Come venne Milon quì capitando,
Che ha questo gigante quì distrutto?

LXXXIII.

" If you want armour or aught else, go in,
Look o'er the wardrobe, and take what you choose,
And cover with it o'er this giant's skin."
Orlando answer'd, " If there should lie loose
Some armour, ere our journey we begin,
Which might be turn'd to my companion's use,
The gift would be acceptable to me."
The abbot said to him, " Come in and see."

LXXXIV.

And in a certain closet, where the wall
Was cover'd with old armour like a crust,
The abbot said to them, " I give you all."
Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust
The whole, which, save one cuirass, was too small,
And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
They wonder'd how it fitted him exactly,
Which ne'er has suited others so compactly.

LXXXV.

'T was an immeasurable giant's, who
By the great Milo of Agrante fell
Before the abbey many years ago.
The story on the wall was figured well;
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
Who long had waged a war implacable:
Precisely as the war occurr'd they drew him,
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

LXXXVI.

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said
In his own heart, " Oh God, who in the sky
Know'st all things! how was Milo hither led?
Who caused the giant in this place to die?"

E lesse certe lettre lacrimando,
Che non potè tenir più il viso asciutto,
Com' io dirò ne la seguente istoria:
Di mal vi guardi il Re de l' alta gloria. [1]

[1] "The first edition of Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, containing twenty-three cantos, to which five were subsequently added, was published at Venice in 1481. It was evidently suggested by some long romances, written within the preceding century, in the octave stanza, for which the fabulous chronicle of Turpin, and other fictions, wherein the same real and imaginary personages had been introduced, furnished the materials. Under pretence of ridiculing the intermixture of sacred allusions with the romantic legends, Pulci carried it to an excess; which, combined with some sceptical insinuations of his own, seems clearly to display an intention of exposing religion to contempt. As to the heroes of his romance, there can be, as it seems, no sort of doubt that he designed them for nothing else than the butts of his fancy; that the reader might scoff at those whom duller poets had held up to admiration. It has been a question among Italian critics, whether the poem of Pulci is to be reckoned burlesque. This may seem to turn on the definition, though I do not see what definition could be given, consistently with the use of language, that would exclude it; it is intended as a caricature of the poetical romances, and might even seem by anticipation a satirical, though not ill-natured, parody on the Orlando Furioso. That he meant to excite any other emotion than laughter cannot, as it seems, be maintained; and a very few stanzas of a more serious character, which may rarely be found, are not enough to make an exception to his general design. The Morgante was to the poetical romances of chivalry, what Don Quixote was to their brethren in prose."—HALLAM, *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 270. 1837.]

And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
So that he could not keep his visage dry,—
As I will tell in the ensuing story.
From evil keep you the high King of glory!

THE

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

"'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

CAMPBELL.

[THIS poem, which Lord Byron, in sending it to Mr. Murray "the best thing he had ever done, if not *unintelligible*," wa ten, in the summer of 1819, at

> —— "that place
> Of old renown, once in the Adrian sea,
> Ravenna! — where from Dante's sacred tomb
> He had so oft, as many a verse declares,
> Drawn inspiration."— ROGERS.

The Prophecy, however, was first published in May, 1821 dedicated to the Countess Guiccioli, who thus describes the of its composition: — "On my departure from Venice, Lord had promised to come and see me at Ravenna. Dante's tor classical pine wood *, the relics of antiquity which are to be in that place, afforded a sufficient pretext for me to invite come, and for him to accept my invitation. He came in the of June, 1819, arriving at Ravenna on the day of the festival Corpus Domini. Being deprived at this time of his boo horses, and all that occupied him at Venice, I begged him tify me by writing something on the subject of Dante; an his usual facility and rapidity, he composed his Prophecy."

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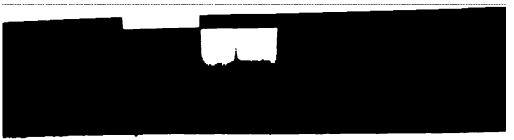
* "'T was in a grove of spreading pines he strayed," & DRYDEN'S *Theodore and H*



DEDICATION.

LADY! if for the cold and cloudy clime
  Where I was born, but where I would not die,
  Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
  THOU art the cause; and howsoever I
  Fall short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,
  Spakest; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
Are one; but only in the sunny South
  Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth —
  Ah! to what effort would it not persuade?

Ravenna, June 21. 1819.

PREFACE.

IN the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author that having composed something on the subject of Tasso's confinement, he should do the same on Dante's exile, — the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger.

"On this hint I spake," and the result has been the following four cantos, in terza rima, now offered to the reader. If they are understood and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem, in various other cantos, to its natural conclusion in the present age. The reader is requested to suppose that Dante addresses him in the interval between the conclusion of the Divina Commedia and his death, and shortly before the latter event, fortelling the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. In adopting this plan I have had in my mind the Cassandra of Lycophron, and the Prophecy of Nereus by Horace, as well as the Prophecies of Holy Writ. The measure adopted is the terza rima of Dante, which I am not aware to have seen hitherto tried in our language, except it may be by Mr. Hayley, of whose translation I never saw but one extract, quoted in the notes to Caliph Vathek; so that — if I do not err — this poem may be considered as a metrical experiment. The cantos are short, and about the same

length of those of the poet, whose name I have borrowed, and most probably taken in vain.

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of Childe Harold translated into Italian versi sciolti,— that is, a poem written in the *Spenserean stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember that when I have failed in the imitation of his great "Padre Alighier," I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the Inferno, unless Count Marchetti's ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

He may also pardon my failure the more, as I am not quite sure that he would be pleased with my success, since the Italians, with a pardonable nationality, are particularly jealous of all that is left them as a nation, — their literature; and in the present bitterness of the classic and romantic war, are but ill disposed to permit a foreigner even to approve or imitate them, without finding some fault with his ultramontane presumption. I can easily enter into all this, knowing what would be thought in England of an Italian imitator of Milton, or if a translation of Monte, or Pindemonte, or Arici, should be held up to the rising generation as a model for their future poetical essays. But I perceive that I am deviating into an address to the Italian reader, when my business is with the English; and be they few or many, I must take my leave both.

THE

PROPHECY OF DANTE.[1]

CANTO THE FIRST.

Once more in man's frail world! which I had le
So long that 't was forgotten; and I feel
The weight of clay again, — too soon bereft
Of the immortal vision which could heal

[1] [Dante Alighieri was born in Florence in May, 1265, (cient and honourable family. In the early part of his life h some credit in a military character, and distinguished hi his bravery in an action where the Florentines obtained victory over the citizens of Arezzo. He became still more by the acquisition of court honours; and at the age of th he rose to be one of the chief magistrates of Florence, wl dignity was conferred by the suffrages of the people. Fr exaltation the poet himself dated his principal misfortune was at that time distracted by the contending factions of t bellines and Guelphs, — among the latter Dante took an act In one of the proscriptions he was banished, his possessic fiscated, and he died in exile in 1321. Boccaccio thus desc person and manners: — "He was of the middle statu mild disposition, and, from the time he arrived at manhoo in his manner and deportment. His clothes were plain, dress always conformable to his years: his face was long; aquiline; his eyes rather large than otherwise. His con was dark, melancholy, and pensive. In his meals he was ex moderate; in his manners most courteous and civil; and public and private life he was admirably decorous."]

My earthly sorrows, and to God's own skies
Lift me from that deep gulf without repeal,
Where late my ears rung with the damned cries
Of souls in hopeless bale; and from that place
Of lesser torment, whence men may arise
Pure from the fire to join the angelic race;
Midst whom my own bright Beatricē bless'd [1]
My spirit with her light; and to the base
Of the eternal Triad! first, last, best,
Mysterious, three, sole, infinite, great God!
Soul universal! led the mortal guest,
Unblasted by the glory, though he trod
From star to star to reach the almighty throne.
Oh Beatricē! whose sweet limbs the sod
So long hath press'd, and the cold marble stone,
Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,
Love so ineffable, and so alone,
That nought on earth could more my bosom move,
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
That without which my soul, like the arkless dove,
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet
Relieved her wing till found; without thy light
My paradise had still been incomplete. [2]
Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight
Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,
Loved ere I knew the name of love, [3] and bright

[1] The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatricē, sounding all the syllables.

[2] "Che sol per le belle opre
Che fanno in Cielo il sole e l' altre stelle
Dentro di lui' *si crede il Paradiso*,
Così se guardi fiso
Pensar ben dèi ch' ogni terren' piacere."

...tone, in which Dante describes the person of Beatrice, Strophe ...

[3] According to Boccaccio, Dante was a lover long before he was

Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought
With the world's war, and years, and banishment,
And tears for thee, by other woes untaught;
For mine is not a nature to be bent
By tyrannous faction, and the brawling crowd,
And though the long, long conflict hath been spent
In vain, and never more, save when the cloud
Which overhangs the Apennine, my mind's eye
Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud
Of me, can I return, though but to die,
Unto my native soil, they have not yet
Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and high.
But the sun, though not overcast, must set,
And the night cometh; I am old in days,
And deeds, and contemplation, and have met
Destruction face to face in all his ways.
The world hath left me, what it found me, pure,
And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,
I sought it not by any baser lure;
Man wrongs, and Time avenges, and my name
May form a monument not all obscure,
Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,
To add to the vain-glorious list of those
Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,
And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows
Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd
With conquerors, and virtue's other foes,
In bloody chronicles of ages past.

---

a soldier, and his passion for the Beatrice whom he has immortalised commenced while he was in his ninth year, and she in her eighth year. It is said that their first meeting was at a banquet in the house of Folco Portinaro, her father; and certain it is, that the impression then made on the susceptible and constant heart of Dante was not obliterated by her death, which happened after the interval of sixteen years. — CARY.]

I would have had my Florence great and free;[1]
Oh Florence! Florence! unto me thou wast
Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
Wept over, "but thou wouldst not;" as the bird
Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee
Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
My voice; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
Against the breast that cherish'd thee was stirr'd
Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
And doom this body forfeit to the fire.
Alas! how bitter is his country's curse
To him who *for* that country would expire,
But did not merit to expire *by* her,
And loves her, loves her even in her ire.
The day may come when she will cease to err,
The day may come she would be proud to have
The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer[2]
Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.

[1] "L'Esilio che m' è dato onor mi tegno
* * * * *
Cader tra' bouni è pur di lode degno."
Sonnet of Dante.

in which he represents Right, Generosity, and Temperance as banished from among men, and seeking refuge from Love, who inhabits his bosom.

[2] "Ut si quis predictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti communis pervenerit, *talis perveniens igne comburatur, sic quod moriatur.*" Second sentence of Florence against Dante, and the fourteen accused with him. The Latin is worthy of the sentence. — [On the 27th of January, 1302, Dante was mulcted eight thousand fire, and condemned to two years banishment; and in case the fine was not paid, his goods were to be confiscated. On the eleventh of March, the same year, he was sentenced to a punishment due only to the most desperate of malefactors. The decree that he and his associates in exile should be burned, if they fell into the hands of their enemies, was first discovered, in 1772, by the Conte Ludovico Savioli. See Tiraboschi, where the sentence is given at length.]

But this shall not be granted; let my dust
Lie where it falls; nor shall the soil which ga
Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust
Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume
My indignant bones, because her angry gust
Forsooth is over, and repeal'd her doom;
No, — she denied me what was mine — my rc
And shall not have what is not hers — my ton
Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof
The breast which would have bled for her, the
That beat, the mind that was temptation proo
The man who fought, toil'd, travell'd, and each
Of a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw
For his reward the Guelf's ascendant art
Pass his destruction even into a law.
These things are not made for forgetfulness,
Florence shall be forgotten first; too raw
The wound, too deep the wrong, and the distress
Of such endurance too prolong'd to make
My pardon greater, her injustice less,
Though late repented; yet — yet for her sake
I feel some fonder yearnings, and for thine,
My own Beatrice, I would hardly take
Vengeance upon the land which once was mine,
And still is hallow'd by thy dust's return,
Which would protect the murderess like a shr
And save ten thousand foes by thy sole urn.
Though, like old Marius[1] from Minturnæ's n

[1] [Under the pretence of opposing the power of Sylla, who had been five times elected to the consulship, aim sovereign power. Stapylton says, that the Minturniar which he was discovered by Sylla's emissaries, were in land! For this accurate piece of topography, he was in the old scholiast. The spot, however, lies on the right h ferry of Garigliano, as you go from Rome to Naples.—(

And Carthage ruins, my lone breast may burn
At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe
Writhe in a dream before me, and o'erarch
My brow with hopes of triumph, — let them go!
Such are the last infirmities of those
Who long have suffer'd more than mortal woe,
And yet being mortal still, have no repose
But on the pillow of Revenge — Revenge,
Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
With the oft-baffled, slakeless thirst of change,
When we shall mount again, and they that trod
Be trampled on, while Death and Até range
O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks — Great God!
Take these thoughts from me — to thy hands I yield
My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
Will fall on those who smote me, — be my shield!
As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
In turbulent cities, and the tented field —
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain
For Florence,[1] — I appeal from her to Thee!
Thee, whom I late saw in thy loftiest reign,
Even in that glorious vision, which to see
And live was never granted until now,
And yet thou hast permitted this to me.
Alas! with what a weight upon my brow
The sense of earth and earthly things come back,

[1] [In one so highly endowed by nature, and so consummate by instruction, we may well sympathise with a resentment which exile and poverty rendered perpetually fresh. But the heart of Dante was naturally *sensible*, and *even tender:* his poetry is full of comparisons from rural life; and the sincerity of his early passion for Beatrice, pierces through the veil of allegory that surrounds her. But the memory of his injuries pursued him into the immensity of eternal light; and, in the company of saints and angels, his unforgiving spirit darkens at the name of Florence. — HALLAM.]

Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
The heart's quick throb upon the mental rack,
Long day, and dreary night; the retrospect
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expect
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear,
For I have been too long and deeply wreck'd
On the lone rock of desolate Despair,
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail
Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare;
Nor raise my voice — for who would heed my wail?
I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it: 't is the doom
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they ha
known
The name of him — who now is but a name,
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his — by him unheard, unheeded — fame;
And mine at least hath cost me dear: to die
Is nothing; but to wither thus — to tame
My mind down from its own infinity —
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all things

That make communion sweet, and soften pain —
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown —
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,[1]
Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry[2] — this to see

[1] This lady, whose name was *Gemma*, sprung from one of the most powerful Guelf families, named Donati. Corso Donati was the principal adversary of the Ghibellines. She is described as being "*Admodum morosa, ut de Xantippe Socratis philosophi conjuge scriptum esse legimus,*" according to Giannozzo Manetti. But Lionardo Aretino is scandalised with Boccace, in his life of Dante, for saying that literary men should not marry. "Qui il Boccaccio non ha pazienza, e dice, le mogli esser contrarie agli studj; e non si ricorda che Socrate il più nobile filosofo che mai fosse, ebbe moglie e figliuoli e uffici della Repubblica nella sua Città; e Aristotele che, &c. &c. ebbe due mogli in varj tempi, ed ebbe figliuoli, e ricchezze assai. — E Marco Tullio — e Catone — e Varrone — e Seneca — ebbero moglie," &c. &c. It is odd that honest Lionardo's examples with the exception of Seneca, and, for any thing I know, of Aristotle, are not the most felicitous. Tully's Terentia, and Socrates' Xantippe, by no means contributed to their husbands' happiness, whatever they might do to their philosophy — Cato gave away his wife — of Varro's we know nothing — and of Seneca's, only that she was disposed to die with him, but recovered and lived several years afterwards. But says Lionardo, "L'uomo è *animale civile*, secondo piace a tutti i filosofi." And thence concludes that the greatest proof of the *animal's civism* is "la prima congiunzione, dalla quale multiplicata nasce la Città."

[2] [The violence of Gemma's temper proved a source of the bitterest suffering to Dante; and in that passage of the Inferno, where one of the characters says —

'La fiera moglie più ch' altro, mi nuoce,
——— 'me, my wife,
Of savage temper, more than aught beside,
Hath to this evil brought,'

his own conjugal unhappiness must have recurred forcibly and painfully to his mind. — CARY.]

And feel, and know without repair, hath taugh.
A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:
I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
They made an Exile — not a slave of me.

THE

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE Spirit of the fervent days of Old, [thought
When words were things that came to pass, and
Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behold
Their children's children's doom already brought
Forth from the abyss of time which is to be,
The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought
Shapes that must undergo mortality;
What the great Seers of Israel wore within,
That spirit was on them, and is on me,
And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed
This voice from out the Wilderness, the sin
Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed,
The only guerdon I have ever known.
Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still to bleed,
Italia? Ah! to me such things, foreshown
With dim sepulchral light, bid me forget
In thine irreparable wrongs my own;
We can have but one country, and even yet
Thou 'rt mine — my bones shall be within thy breast

My soul within thy language, which once set
With our old Roman sway in the wide West;
But I will make another tongue arise
As lofty and more sweet, in which express'd
The hero's ardour, or the lover's sighs,
Shall find alike such sounds for every theme
That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
Shall realise a poet's proudest dream,
And make thee Europe's nightingale of song;
So that all present speech to thine shall seem
The note of meaner birds, and every tongue
Confess its barbarism when compared with thine.
This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,
Thy Tuscan bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.
Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
Is rent, — a thousand years which yet supine
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
Float from eternity into these eyes;
The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their station,
The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,
The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
But all things are disposing for thy doom;
The elements await but for the word,
"Let there be darkness!" and thou grow'st a tomb!
Yes! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,
Thou, Italy! so fair that Paradise,
Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored:
Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?
Thou, Italy! whose ever golden fields,
Plough'd by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
For the world's granary; thou, whose sky heaven gilds
With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;
Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer builds
Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,

And form'd the Eternal City's ornaments
From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew;
Birthplace of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy paints,
And finds her prior vision but portray'd
In feeble colours, when the eye — from the Alp
Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm — dilates and dotes o'er thee,
And wistfully implores, as 't were, for help
To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
The more approach'd, and dearest were they free,
Thou — thou must wither to each tyrant's will:
The Goth hath been, — the German, Frank, and Hun
Are yet to come, — and on the imperial hill
Ruin, already proud of the deeds done
By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,
Throned on the Palatine, while lost and won
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue
Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,
And deepens into red the saffron water
Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless priest,
And still more helpless nor less holy daughter,
Vow'd to their God, have shrieking fled, and ceased
Their ministry: the nations take their prey,
Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they
Are; these but gorge the flesh and lap the gore
Of the departed, and then go their way;
But those, the human savages, explore
All paths of torture, and insatiate yet,

With Ugolino hunger prowl for more.
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set; [1]
The chiefless army of the dead, which late
Beneath the traitor Prince's banner met,
Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate;
Had but the royal Rebel lived, perchance
Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate.
Oh! Rome, the spoiler or the spoil of France,
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance,
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.
Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,
Crush them, ye rocks! floods whelm them, and for ever!
Why sleep the idle avalanches so,
To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?
Why doth Eridanus but overflow
The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?
Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?
Over Cambyses' host the desert spread
Her sandy ocean, and the sea waves' sway
Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thousands, — why,
Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?
And you, ye men! Romans, who dare not die,
Sons of the conquerors who overthrew
Those who overthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie
The dead whose tomb Oblivion never knew,
Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?

[1] See "Sacco di Roma," generally attributed to Guicciardini. There is another written by a Jacopo *Buonaparte*. — [The original MS. of the latter work is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. It is entitled, "Ragguaglio Storico di tutto l'occorso, giorno per giorno, nel Sacco di Roma dell anno MDXXVII, scritto da Jacopo Buonaparte, gentiluomo Samminiatese, che vi si trovò presente." An edition of it was printed at Cologne in 1756, to which is prefixed a genealogy of the Buonaparte family.]

Their passes more alluring to the view
Of an invader? is it they, or ye,
That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,
And leave the march in peace, the passage free?
Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car,
And makes your land impregnable, if earth
Could be so; but alone she will not war,
Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth
In a soil where the mothers bring forth men:
Not so with those whose souls are little worth;
For them no fortress can avail, — the den
Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting
Is more secure than walls of adamant, when
The hearts of those within are quivering.
Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil
Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to bring
Against Oppression; but how vain the toil,
While still Division sows the seeds of woe
And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil.
Oh! my own beauteous land! so long laid low,
So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,
When there is but required a single blow
To break the chain, yet — yet the Avenger stops,
And Doubt and Discord step 'twixt thine and thee,
And join their strength to that which with thee copes;
What is there wanting then to set thee free,
And show thy beauty in its fullest light?
To make the Alps impassable; and we,
Her sons, may do this with *one* deed —— Unite.

THE

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO THE THIRD.

From out the mass of never-dying ill, [Sword,
The Plague, the Prince, the Stranger, and the
Vials of wrath but emptied to refill
And flow again, I cannot all record
That crowds on my prophetic eye: the earth
And ocean written o'er would not afford
Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth;
Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,
There where the farthest suns and stars have birth,
Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
The bloody scroll of our millenial wrongs
Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven
Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,
And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,
Will not in vain arise to where belongs
Omnipotence and mercy evermore:
Like to a harpstring stricken by the wind,
The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er
The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.
Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and of

Earth's dust by immortality refined
To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff,
And tyrants threat, and meeker victims bow
Before the storm because its breath is rough,
To thee, my country! whom before, as now
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
And melancholy gift high powers allow
To read the future; and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive!
I but foretell thy fortunes — then expire;
Think not that I would look on them and live.
A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my guerdon grants *not* to survive;
My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break:
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take
Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom
A softer glimpse; some stars shine through thy night,
And many meteors, and above thy tomb
Leans sculptured Beauty, which Death cannot blight;
And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise,
To give thee honour, and the earth delight;
Thy soil shall still be pregnant with the wise,
The gay, the learn'd, the generous, and the brave,
Native to thee as summer to thy skies,
Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far wave,[1]
Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name;[2]
For *thee* alone they have no arm to save,
And all thy recompense is in their fame,
A noble one to them, but not to thee —
Shall they be glorious, and thou still the same?

[1] Alexander of Parma, Spinola, Pescara, Eugene of Savoy, Montecuccoli.
[2] Columbus, Americus Vespasius, Sebastian Cabot.

Oh! more than these illustrious far shall be
The being — and even yet he may be born —
The mortal saviour who shall set thee free,
And see thy diadem, so changed and worn
By fresh barbarians, on thy brow replaced;
And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,
Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced,
And noxious vapours from Avernus risen,
Such as all they must breathe who are debased,
By servitude, and have the mind in prison.
Yet through this centuried eclipse of woe
Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall listen;
Poets shall follow in the path I show,
And make it broader: the same brilliant sky
Which cheers the birds to song shall bid them glow,
And raise their notes as natural and high;
Tuneful shall be their numbers; they shall sing
Many of love, and some of liberty,
But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,
And look in the sun's face with eagle's gaze,
All free and fearless as the feather'd king,
But fly more near the earth; how many a phrase
Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small prince
In all the prodigality of praise!
And language, eloquently false, evince
The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,
Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,
And looks on prostitution as a duty.
He who once enters in a tyrant's hall[1]
As guest is slave, his thoughts become a booty,
And the first day which sees the chain enthral
A captive, sees his half of manhood gone[2] —

[1] A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pompey took leave of Cornelia on entering the boat in which he was slain.

[2] The verse and sentiment are taken from Homer.

The soul's emasculation saddens all
His spirit; thus the Bard too near the throne
Quails from his inspiration, bound to *please*, —
How servile is the task to please alone!
To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's ease
And royal leisure, nor too much prolong
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,
Or force, or forge fit argument of song!
Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to Flattery's trebles,
He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong:
For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his strain.
But out of the long file of sonneteers
There shall be some who will not sing in vain,
And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers,[1]
And love shall be his torment; but his grief
Shall make an immortality of tears,
And Italy shall hail him as the Chief
Of Poet-lovers, and his higher song
Of Freedom wreathe him with as green a leaf.
But in a farther age shall rise along
The banks of Po two greater still than he;
The world which smiled on him shall do them wrong
Till they are ashes, and repose with me.
The first will make an epoch with his lyre,
And fill the earth with feats of chivalry:
His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire,
Like that of Heaven, immortal, and his thought
Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire;

[1] Petrarch.

Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,
Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his theme,
And Art itself seem into Nature wrought
By the transparency of his bright dream. —
The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,
Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem;
He, too, shall sing of arms, and Christian blood
Shed where Christ bled for man; and his high harp
Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,
Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp
Conflict, and final triumph of the brave
And pious, and the strife of hell to warp
Their hearts from their great purpose, until wave
The red-cross banners where the first red Cross
Was crimson'd from his veins who died to save,
Shall be his sacred argument; the loss
Of years, of favour, freedom, even of fame
Contested for a time, while the smooth gloss
Of courts would slide o'er his forgotten name;
And call captivity a kindness, meant
To shield him from insanity or shame,
Such shall be his meet guerdon! who was sent
To be Christ's Laureate — they reward him well!
Florence dooms me but death or banishment,
Ferrara him a pittance and a cell,
Harder to bear and less deserved, for I
Had stung the factions which I strove to quell;
But this meek man, who with a lover's eye
Will look on earth and heaven, and who will deign
To embalm with his celestial flattery,
As poor a thing as e'er was spawn'd to reign,
What will *he* do to merit such a doom?
Perhaps he 'll *love*, — and is not love in vain
Torture enough without a living tomb?
Yet it will be so — he and his compeers,

The Bard of Chivalry, will both consume
In penury and pain too many a year,
And, dying in despondency, bequeath
To the kind world, which scarce will yield a tear
A heritage enriching all who breathe
With the wealth of a genuine poet's soul,
And to their country a redoubled wreath,
Unmatch'd by time; not Hellas can unroll
Through her olympiads two such names, though one
Of hers be mighty; — and is this the whole
Of such men's destiny beneath the sun? [1]
Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
The electric blood with which their arteries run,
Their body's self-tun'd soul with the intense
Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
That which should be, to such a recompense
Conduct? shall their bright plumage on the rough
Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it must be;
For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion, soon they find
Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
And die or are degraded; for the mind
Succumbs to long infection, and despair,

[1] ["Why is it necessary to adopt the invidious and too common practice of weighing the transcendent talents of Ariosto and Tasso in opposite, and as it were contending, scales? Reader! if you have already had the delight of perusing the last production of Lord Byron's muse, how must you have admired those exquisitely beautiful and affecting portraitures of the two matchless poets which conclude the third canto of the 'Prophecy of Dante!' We there see them contrasted without such invidious comparison, or depreciation of the one to exalt the other; and characterised in number, style, and sentiment, so wonderfully *Dantesque*, that — mastering our uncongenial language, and habitual modes of thought as well as expression — they seem to have been inspired by the very Genius of the *inarrivabile* Dante himself."— GLENSERVIE, *Riccolaria*, p. 106.]

And vulture passions flying close behind,
Await the moment to assail and tear;
And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,
Then is the prey-birds' triumph, then they share
The spoil, o'erpowered at length by one fell swoop.
Yet some have been untouch'd who learn'd to bes
Some whom no power could ever force to droop,
Who could resist themselves even, hardest care!
And task most hopeless; but some such have bee
And if my name amongst the number were,
That destiny austere, and yet serene,
Were prouder than more dazzling fame unbless'd
The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen
Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,
While the scorch'd mountain, from whose burn
breast
A temporary torturing flame is wrung,
Shines for a night of terror, then repels
Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

THE

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

MANY are poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd
The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars
Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more bless'd
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets but without the name,
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore?
So be it: we can bear. — But thus all they
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power

Which still recoils from its encumbering clay
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The form which their creations may essay,
Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deify the canvass till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfused, transfigurated: and the line
Of poesy, which peoples but the air
With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
Can do no more: then let the artist share
The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected
Faints o'er the labour unapproved — Alas!
Despair and Genius are too oft connected.
Within the ages which before me pass
Art shall resume and equal even the sway
Which with Apelles and old Phidias
She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.
Ye shall be taught by Ruin to revive
The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
And Roman souls at last again shall live
In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,
And temples, loftier than the old temples, give
New wonders to the world; and while still stands
The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
A dome, [1] its image, while the base expands
Into a fane surpassing all before,
Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er
Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
This, to which all nations shall repair

[1] The Cupola of St. Peter's.

And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.
And the bold Architect unto whose care
The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
Whom all hearts shall acknowledge as their lord,[1]
Whether into the marble chaos driven
His chisel bid the Hebrew, [2] at whose word

[1] ["If," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "the high admiration and esteem in which Michael Angelo has been held by all nations, and in all ages, should be put to the account of prejudice, it must still be granted that those prejudices would not have been entertained without a cause: the ground of our prejudice then becomes the source of our admiration. But from whatever it proceeds, or whatever it is called, it will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous in me to appear in the train, I cannot say of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another course, one more suited to my abilities, and to the taste of the times in which I live. Yet, however unequal I feel myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master. To kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man." — *Discourses*, vol. ii. p. 216.

[2] The statue of Moses on the monument of Julius II.

SONETTO

Di Giovanni Battista Zappi.

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,
Siede gigante; e le più illustre, e conte
Prove dell' arte avvanza, e ha vive, e pronte
Le labbia sì, che le parole ascolto?
Quest' è Mosè; ben me 'l diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte,
Quest è Mosè, quando scendea del monte,
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allor, che le sonanti, e vaste
Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba altrui.
E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzaste?
Alzata aveste imago a questa eguale!
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

["And who is he that, shaped in sculptured stone
Sits giant-like? stern monument of art
Unparallel'd, while language seems to start
From his prompt lips, and we his precepts own?
— 'T is Moses; by his beard's thick honours known.

Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
Or hues of Hell be by his pencil pour'd
Over the damn'd before the Judgment-throne,
Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me, [2]

And the twin beams that from his temples dart;
'T is Moses; seated on the mount apart,
Whilst yet the Godhead o'er his features shone.
Such once he look'd, when ocean's sounding wave
Suspended hung, and such amidst the storm,
When o'er his foes the refluent waters roar'd.
An idol calf his followers did engrave;
But had they raised this awe-commanding form,
Then had they with less guilt their work adored."—
ROGERS.

[1] The Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel.—["It is obvious throughout Michael Angelo's works, that the poetical mind of Dante influenced his feelings. The demons in the Last Judgment, with all their mixed and various passions, may find a prototype in 'La Divina Commedia.' The figures rising from the grave mark his study of 'L'Inferno e il Purgatorio;' and the subject of the Brazen Serpent, in the Sistine Chapel, must remind every reader of canto XXV. dell' Inferno, where the flying serpents, the writhings and contortions of the human body from envenomed wounds, are described with pathos and horror; and the execution of Haman, in the opposite angle of the same ceiling, is doubtless designed from these lines,—

'Poi piovve dentro all' alta fantasia
Un crocifisso dispettoso e fiero
Nella sua vista, e cotal si moria.
Intorno ed esso era 'l grande Assuero
Ester sua sposa, e 'l giusto Mardocheo,
Che fu al dire ed al far così 'ntero.'"—DUPPA.]

[2] I have read somewhere (if I do not err, for I cannot recollect where,) that Dante was so great a favourite of Michael Angelo's, that he had designed the whole of the Divina Commedia; but that the volume containing these studies was lost by sea.—["Michael Angelo's copy of Dante," says Duppa, "was a large folio, with Landino's commentary; and upon the broad margin of the leaves he designed, with a pen and ink, all the interesting subjects. This book was possessed by Antonio Montauti, a sculptor and architect

The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
Which form the empire of eternity.
Amidst the clash of swords, and clang of helms,
The age which I anticipate, no less
Shall be the Age of Beauty, and while whelms
Calamity the nations with distress,
The genius of my country shall arise,
A Cedar towering o'er the Wilderness,
Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,
Fragrant as fair, and recognised afar,
Wafting its native incense through the skies.
Sovereigns shall pause amidst their sport of war,
Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and gaze
On canvass or on stone; and they who mar
All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
Shall feel the power of that which they destroy;
And Art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
To tyrants who but take her for a toy,
Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
Her charms to pontiffs proud, [1] who but employ

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of Florence, who, being appointed architect to St. Peter's, removed to Rome, and shipped his effects at Leghorn for Civita Vecchia, among which was this edition of Dante: in the voyage the vessel foundered at sea, and it was unfortunately lost in the wreck."]

[1] See the treatment of Michael Angelo by Julius II., and his neglect by Leo X. — [Julius II. was no sooner seated on the papal throne than he was surrounded by men of genius, and Michael Angelo was among the first invited to his court. The pope had a personal attachment to him, and conversed with him upon every subject, as well as sculpture, with familiarity and friendship: and, that he might visit him frequently, and with perfect convenience, caused a covered bridge to be made from the Vatican palace to his study, to enable him to pass at all times without being observed. On paying his visit one morning, Michael Angelo was rudely interrupted by the person in waiting, who said, "I have an order not to let you enter." Michael felt with indignation this unmerited disgrace, and, in the warmth of resentment, desired him to tell the Pope, "from that time forward, if his Holiness should want me,

The man of genius as the meanest brute
To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,
To sell his labours, and his soul to boot.
Who toils for nations may be poor indeed,
But free; who sweats for monarchs is no more
Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and fee'd,
Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.
Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest! how
Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,
Least like to thee in attributes divine,
Tread on the universal necks that bow,
And then assure us that their rights are thine?
And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
From high, they whom the nations oftest name,
Must pass their days in penury or pain,
Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,
And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain?
Or if their destiny be born aloof
From lowliness, or tempted thence in vain,

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he should have to seek him in another place." On his return home he ordered his servants to sell the furniture in his house to the Jews, and to follow him to Florence. Himself, the same evening, took post, and arrived at Poggibonzi castle, in Tuscany, before he rested. The Pope dispatched five couriers with orders to conduct him back: but he was not overtaken till he was in a foreign state. A reconciliation was, however, a few months after, effected at Bologna, through the mediation of the gonfaloniere. As Michael Angelo entered the presence chamber, the Pope gave him an askance look of displeasure, and after a short pause saluted him, "In the stead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you." Michael Agnelo replied, with submission, that his error arose from too hastily feeling a disgr[illegible] that he was unconscious of meriting, and hoped his Holiness w[illegible] sion what was past. The Pope thereupon gave him his b[illegible] tion, and restored him to his friendship. The whol[illegible] X. was a blank in the life of Michael Angelo. — D

1 their own souls sustain a harder proof,
The inner war of passions deep and fierce?
Florence! when thy harsh sentence razed my roof,
I loved thee; but the vengeance of my verse,
The hate of injuries which every year
Makes greater, and accumulates my curse,
Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear,
Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and even *that*,
The most infernal of all evils here,
The sway of petty tyrants in a state;
For such sway is not limited to kings,
And demagogues yield to them but in date,
As swept off sooner; in all deadly things
Which make men hate themselves, and one another,
In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs
From Death the Sin-born's incest with his mother,
In rank oppression in its rudest shape,
The faction Chief is but the Sultan's brother,
And the worst despot's far less human ape:
Florence! when this lone spirit, which so long
Yearn'd, as the captive toiling at escape,
To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,
An exile, saddest of all prisoners,[1]

[1] [In his "Convito," Dante speaks of his banishment, and the poverty and distress which attended it, in very affecting terms. "Alas!" said he, "had it pleased the Dispenser of the Universe, that the occasion of this excuse had never existed; that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly; suffered, I say, the punishment of exile and of poverty; since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment, even to the ripeness of my age, and in which, with her good-will, I desire, with all my heart, to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over almost every part, to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant, showing against my will the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving on

Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,
Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth
Where — whatsoe'er his fate — he still were hers,
His country's, and might die where he had birth —
Florence! when this lone spirit shall return
To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
And seek to honour with an empty urn
The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain[1] — Alas!

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whom it is inflicted. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty, and have appeared before the eyes of many who, perhaps, from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form; in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed, as those which yet remained for me to attempt."]

[1] [About the year 1316, the friends of Dante succeeded in obtaining his restoration to his country and his possessions, on condition that he should pay a certain sum of money, and, entering a church, there avow himself guilty, and ask pardon of the republic. The following was his answer, on this occasion, to one of his kinsmen: — "From your letter, which I received with due respect and affection, I observe how much you have at heart my restoration to my country. I am bound to you the more gratefully, that an exile rarely finds a friend. But, after mature consideration, I must, by my answer, disappoint the wishes of some little minds; and I confide in the judgment to which your impartiality and prudence will lead you. Your nephew and mine has written to me, what indeed had been mentioned by many other friends, that, by a decree concerning the exiles, I am allowed to return to Florence, provided I pay a certain sum of money, and submit to the humiliation of asking and receiving absolution: wherein, my Father, I see two propositions that are ridiculous and impertinent. I speak of the impertinence of those who mention such conditions to me: for in your letter, dictated by judgment and discretion, there is no such thing. Is such an invitation to return to his country glorious for Dante, after suffering in exile almost fifteen years? Is it thus, then, they would recompense innocence which all the world knows, and the labour and fatigue of unremitting study? Far from the man who is familiar with philosophy, be the senseless baseness of a heart of earth, that could do like a little sciolist, and imitate the infamy of some others, by offering himself up as it were in chains. Far from

"What have I done to thee, my people?" [1] Stern
Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass
The limits of man's common malice, for
All that a citizen could be I was;
Raised by thy will, all thine in peace or war,
And for this thou hast warr'd with me. —'Tis done:
I may not overleap the eternal bar
Built up between us, and will die alone,
Beholding with the dark eye of a seer
The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,
Foretelling them to those who will not hear.
As in the old time, till the hour be come
When Truth shall strike their eyes through many a tear,
And make them own the Prophet in his tomb.[2]

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the man who cries aloud for justice, this compromise, by his money, with his persecutors! No, my Father, this is not the way that shall lead me back to my country. But I shall return with hasty steps, if you or any other can open to me a way that shall not derogate from the fame and honour of Dante; but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then Florence I shall never enter. What! shall I not every where enjoy the sight of the sun and stars? and may I not seek and contemplate, in every corner of the earth under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truth, without first rendering myself inglorious, nay infamous, to the people and republic of Florence? Bread, I hope, will not fail me." Yet he continued to experience

> "How salt the savour is of others' bread,
> How hard the passage to descend and climb
> By others' stairs!"

His countrymen persecuted even his memory: he was excommunicated after death by the Pope.]

[1] "E scrisse più volte non solamente a particolari cittadini del reggimento, ma ancora al popolo, e intra l' altre una Epistola assai lunga che comincia: — '*Populo mi, quid feci tibi?*'"
Vita di Dante scritta da Lionardo Aretino.

[2] [Dante died at Ravenna in 1321, in the palace of his patron, Guido Novello da Polenta, who testified his sorrow and respect by the sumptuousness of his obsequies, and by giving orders to erect a monument, which he did not live to complete. His countrymen showed, too late, that they knew the value of what they

had lost. At the beginning of the next century, they entreated that the mortal remains of their illustrious citizen might be restored to them, and deposited among the tombs of their fathers. But the people of Ravenna were unwilling to part with the sad and honourable memorial of their own hospitality. No better success attended the subsequent negotiations of the Florentines for the same purpose, though renewed under the auspices of Leo X., and conducted through the powerful mediation of Michael Angelo.

Never did any poem rise so suddenly into notice, after the death of its author, as the Divina Commedia. About the year 1350, Giovanni Visconti, Archbishop of Milan, selected six of the most learned men in Italy, — two divines, two philosophers, and two Florentines, — and gave them in charge to contribute their joint endeavours towards the compilation of an ample comment, a copy of which is preserved in the Laurentian Library. At Florence, a public lecture was founded for the purpose of explaining a poem, which was at the same time the boast and the disgrace of the city. The decree for this institution was passed in 1373; and in that year Boccaccio was appointed, with a salary of a hundred florins, to deliver lectures in one of the churches on the first of their poets. The example of Florence was speedily followed by Bologna, Pisa, Piacenza, and Venice. It is only within a few years, that the merits of this great and original poet were attended to, and made known in this country. And this seems to be owing to a translation of the very pathetic story of Count Ugolino; to the judicious and spirited summary given of this poem in the 31st section of the History of English Poetry; and to Mr. Hayley's translations of the three cantos of the Inferno. "Dante believed," says Ugo Foscolo, "that, by his sufferings on earth, he atoned for the errors of humanity —

'Ma la bontà divina ha si gran braccia,
Che prende ciò che si rivolge a lei.'

'So wide arms
Hath goodness infinite, that it receives
All who turn to it.'—

And he seems to address Heaven in the attitude of a worshipper, rather than a suppliant. Being convinced, 'that Man is then truly happy when he freely exercises all his energies,' he walked through the world with an assured step, 'keeping his vigils'—

'So that, nor night nor slumber with close stealth
Convey'd from him a single step in all
The goings on of time.'

He collected the opinions, the follies, the vicissitudes, the miseries, and the passions that agitate mankind; and left behind him a monument, which, while it humbles us by the representation of our own wretchedness, should make us glory that we partake of the same nature with such a man, and encourage us to make the best use of our fleeting existence."]

THE BLUES:

A LITERARY ECLOGUE.

"Nimium ne crede colori."— VIRGIL.

O trust not, ye beautiful creatures, to hue,
Though your *hair* were as *red*, as your *stockings* are *blue*.

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s trifle, which Lord Byron has himself designated as "a mere onery, never meant for publication," was written in 1820, and appeared in "The Liberal." The personal allusions in which unds are, for the most part, sufficiently intelligible; and, with exceptions, so good-humoured, that the parties concerned be expected to join in the laugh.]

THE BLUES:[1]

A LITERARY ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE FIRST.

London — Before the Door of a Lecture Room.

Enter TRACY, *meeting* INKEL.

Ink. You 're too late.

Tra. Is it over?

Ink. Nor will be this hour.
But the benches are cramm'd, like a garden in flower,

[1] ["About the year 1781, it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue-stocking Clubs*; the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of those societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*;' and thus by degrees the title was established." —*Boswell*, vol. viii. p. 85. — Sir William Forbes, in his life of Dr. Beattie, says, that "a foreigner of distinction hearing the expression, translated it literally '*Bas Bleu*,' by which these meetings came to be distinguished. Miss Hannah More, who was herself a member, has written a poem with the title of 'Bas Bleu,' in allusion to this mistake of the foreigner, in which she has characterised most of the eminent personages of which it was composed."]

With the pride of our belles, who have made it the fashion;
So, instead of "beaux arts," we may say "la *belle* passion"
For learning, which lately has taken the lead in
The world, and set all the fine gentlemen reading.
Tra. I know it too well, and have worn out my patience
With studying to study your new publications.
There 's Vamp, Scamp, and Mouthy, and Wordswords and Co.[1]
With their damnable ——
Ink. Hold, my good friend, do you know
Whom you speak to?
Tra. Right well, boy, and "so does the Row:"[2]
You 're an author — a poet —
Ink. And think you that I
Can stand tamely in silence, to hear you decry
The Muses?
Tra. Excuse me: I meant no offence
To the Nine; though the number who make some pretence
To their favours is such —— but the subject to drop,
I am just piping hot from a publisher's shop,
(Next door to the pastry-cook's; so that when I
Cannot find the new volume I wanted to buy
On the bibliopole's shelves, it is only two paces,
As one finds every author in one of those places:)

[1] [See the stanzas on Messrs. Wordsworth and Southey in Don Juan, canto iii.]

[2] [Paternoster-Row — long and still celebrated as a very bazaar of booksellers, Sir Walter Scott "hitches into rhyme" one of the most important firms — that

"Of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown,
Our fathers of the Row."]

Where I just had been skimming a charming critique,
So studded with wit, and so sprinkled with Greek!
Where your friend — you know who — has just got such a threshing, [*ing.*"[1]
That it is, as the phrase goes, extremely "*refresh-*
What a beautiful word!

Ink. Very true; 't is so soft
And so cooling — they use it a little too oft;
And the papers have got it at last — but no matter.
So they 've cut up our friend then?

Tra. Not left him a tatter—
Not a rag of his present or past reputation,
Which they call a disgrace to the age, and the nation.

Ink. I'm sorry to hear this! for friendship, you know —— [so.
Our poor friend! — but I thought it would terminate
Our friendship is such, I 'll read nothing to shock it.
You do n't happen to have the Review in your pocket?

Tra. No; I left a round dozen of authors and others
(Very sorry, no doubt, since the cause is a brother's)
All scrambling and jostling, like so many imps,
And on fire with impatience to get the next glimpse.

Ink. Let us join them.

Tra. What, won't you return to the lecture?

Ink. Why, the place is so cramm'd, there's not room for a spectre.
Besides, our friend Scamp is to-day so absurd —

Tra. How can you know that till you hear him?

Ink. I heard
Quite enough; and, to tell you the truth, my retreat
Was from his vile nonsense, no less than the heat.

Tra. I have had no great loss then?

[1] [This cant phrase was first used in the Edinburgh Review — probably by Mr. Jeffrey.]

Ink. Loss! — such a palaver!
I 'd inoculate sooner my wife with the slaver
Of a dog when gone rabid, than listen two hours
To the torrent of trash which around him he pours,
Pump'd up with such effort, disgorged with such labour,
That —— come — do not make me speak ill of one's [neighbour.
Tra. *I* make you!
Ink. Yes, you! I said nothing until
You compell'd me, by speaking the truth ——
Tra. *To speak ill?*
Is that your deduction?
Ink. When speaking of Scamp ill,
I certainly *follow*, *not set* an example.
The fellow 's a fool, an imposter, a zany.
Tra. And the crowd of to-day shows that one fool makes many.
But we two will be wise.
Ink. Pray, then, let us retire.
Tra. I would, but ——
Ink. There must be attraction much higher
Than Scamp, or the Jew's harp he nicknames his lyre,
To call *you* to this hotbed.
Tra. I own it — 't is true —
A fair lady ——
Ink. A spinster?
Tra. Miss Lilac!
Ink. The Blue.
The heiress?
Tra. The angel!
Ink. The devil! why, man!
Pray get out of this hobble as fast as you can.
You wed with Miss Lilac! 't would be your perdition:
She 's a poet, a chymist, a mathematician.
Tra. *I* say she 's an angel.

Ink. Say rather an *angle.*
If you and she marry, you 'll certainly wrangle.[1]
I say she 's a Blue, man, as blue as the ether.
Tra. And is that any cause for not coming together?
Ink. Humph! I can't say I know any happy alliance
Which has lately sprung up from a wedlock with science.
She 's so learned in all things, and fond of concerning
Herself in all matters connected with learning,
That ——
Tra. What?
Ink. I perhaps may as well hold my tongue;
But there 's five hundred people can tell you you 're wrong.
Tra. You forget Lady Lilac 's as rich as a Jew.
Ink. Is it miss or the cash of mamma you pursue?
Tra. Why, Jack, I 'll be frank with you — something of both.
The girl 's a fine girl.
Ink. And you feel nothing loth
To her good lady-mother's reversion; and yet
Her life is as good as your own, I will bet.
Tra. Let her live, and as long as she likes; I demand [hand.
Nothing more than the heart of her daughter and
Ink. Why, that heart 's in the inkstand — that hand on the pen.
Tra. A propos — Will you write me a song now and then?

[1] ["Her favourite science was the mathematical
— In short she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
Morality's prim personification ——
But — oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?"
Don Juan, Canto i.]

Tra. In my name. I will copy them out,
To slip into her hand at the very next rout.
Ink. Are you so far advanced as to hazard this?
Tra. Why,
Do you think me subdued by a Blue-stocking's eye,
So far as to tremble to tell her in rhyme
What I 've told her in prose, at the least, as sublime?
Ink. *As sublime!* If it be so, no need of my Muse.
Tra. But consider, dear Inkel, she's one of the "Blues."
Ink. As sublime! — Mr. Tracy — I 've nothing to say.
Stick to prose — As sublime!! — but I wish you good day.
Tra. Nay, stay, my dear fellow — consider — I 'm wrong;
I own it; but, prithee, compose me the song.
Ink. *As* sublime!!
Tra. I but used the expression in haste
Ink. That may be, Mr. Tracy, but shows damn'd bad taste.
Tra. I own it — I know it — acknowledge it — what Can I say to you more?
Ink. I see what you 'd be at:

And my own grand romance ——

Tra. Had its full share of prai
I myself saw it puff'd in the "Old Girl's Review."

Ink. What Review?

Tra. "T is th' English "Journal de Trevoux;"
A clerical work of our jesuits at home.
Have you never yet seen it?

Ink. That pleasure 's to con

Tra. Make haste then.

[1] [Messrs. Southey and Sotheby.]

[2] ["My Grandmother's Review, the British." This heavy jou
has since been gathered to its grandmothers.]

[3] [The "Journal de Trevoux" (in fifty-six volumes) is on
the most curious collections of literary gossip in the world.—
the Poet paid the British Review an extravagant compliment w
he made this comparison.]

Ink. Why so?
Tra. I have heard people say
That it threaten'd to give up the *ghost* t' other day.
Ink. Well, that is a sign of some *spirit.*
Tra. No doubt.
Shall you be at the Countess of Fiddlecome's rout?
Ink. I 've a card, and shall go: but at present, as soon [the moon
As friend Scamp shall be pleased to step down from
(Where he seems to be soaring in search of his wits),
And an interval grants from his lecturing fits,
I'm engaged to the Lady Bluebottle's collation,
To partake of a luncheon and learn'd conversation:
'T is a sort of re-union for Scamp, on the days
Of his lecture, to treat him with cold tongue and praise.
And I own, for my own part, that 't is not unpleasant.
Will you go? There 's Miss Lilac will also be present.
Tra. That "metal's attractive."
Ink. No doubt — to the pocket.
Tra. You should rather encourage my passion than shock it.
But let us proceed; for I think, by the hum ——
Ink. Very true; let us go, then, before they can come,
Or else we 'll be kept here an hour at their levy,
On the rack of cross questions, by all the blue bevy.
Hark! Zounds, they 'll be on us; I know by the drone
Of old Botherby's spouting ex-cathedrâ tone.
Ay! there he is at it. Poor Scamp! better join
Your friends, or he 'll pay you back in your own coin.
Tra. All fair; 't is but lecture for lecture.
Ink. That 's clear.
But for God's sake let 's go, or the Bore will be here.
Come, come: nay, I 'm off. [*Exit* INKEL.

Tra. You are right, and I 'll follow;
'T is high time for a "*Sic me servavit Apollo.*" [1]
And yet we shall have the whole crew on our kibes,
Blues, dandies, and dowagers, and second-hand scribes,
All flocking to moisten their exquisite throttles
With a glass of Madeira at Lady Bluebottle's.

[*Exit* TRACY.

ECLOGUE SECOND.

An Apartment in the House of LADY BLUEBOTTLE. — *A Table prepared.*

SIR RICHARD BLUEBOTTLE *solus.*

WAS there ever a man who was married so sorry?
Like a fool, I must needs do the thing in a hurry.
My life is reversed, and my quiet destroy'd;
My days, which once pass'd in so gentle a void,
Must now, every hour of the twelve, be employ'd;
The twelve, do I say? — of the whole twenty-four,
Is there one which I dare call my own any more?

[1] ["Sotheby is a good man — rhymes well (if not wisely); but is a bore. He seizes you by the button. One night of a rout at Mrs. Hope's, he had fastened upon me — (something about Agamemnon, or Orestes, or some of his plays) notwithstanding my symptoms of manifest distress — (for I was in love, and just nicked a minute when neither mothers, nor husbands, nor rivals, nor gossips were near my then idol, who was beautiful as the statues of the gallery where we stood at the time. Sotheby, I say, had seized upon me by the button and the heart-strings, and spared neither. William Spencer, who likes fun, and don't dislike mischief, saw my case, and coming up to us both, took me by the hand, and pathetically bade me farewell; "for," said he, "I see it is all over with you." Sotheby then went his way: '*sic me servavit Apollo.*"' — *Byron Diary*, 1821.]

What with driving and visiting, dancing and dining,
What with learning, and teaching, and scribbling, and shining,
In science and art, I 'll be cursed if I know
Myself from my wife; for although we are two,
Yet she somehow contrives that all things shall be done
In a style which proclaims us eternally one.
But the thing of all things which distresses me more
Than the bills of the week (though they trouble me sore)
Is the numerous, humorous, backbiting crew
Of scribblers, wits, lecturers, white, black, and blue,
Who are brought to my house as an inn, to my cost —
For the bill here, it seems, is defray'd by the host —
No pleasure! no leisure! no thought for my pains,
But to hear a vile jargon which addles my brains;
A smatter and chatter, glean'd out of reviews,
By the rag, tag, and bobtail, of those they call "BLUES;"
A rabble who know not ——But soft, here they come!
Would to God I were deaf! as I 'm not, I 'll be dumb.

Enter LADY BLUEBOTTLE, MISS LILAC, LADY BLUEMOUNT, MR. BOTHERBY, INKEL, TRACY, MISS MAZARINE, *and others, with* SCAMP *the Lecturer, &c. &c.*

Lady Blueb. Ah! Sir Richard, good morning: I've brought you some friends.

Sir Rich. (*bows, and afterwards aside.*) If friends, they 're the first.

Lady Blueb. But the luncheon attends.
I pray ye be seated, "*sans cérémonie.*"
Mr. Scamp, you 're fatigued; take your chair there, next me. [*They all sit.*

Sir Rich. (*aside*) If he does, his fatigue is to come.

Lady Blueb.
Lady Bluemount — Miss Lila
place ye;
And you, Mr. Botherby —
Both. Oh
I obey.
Lady Blueb. Mr. Inkle, I o
You were not at the lecture.
Ink.
But the heat forced me out in
And when ——
Lady Blueb. To be sure it
You have lost such a lecture!
Both.
Tra. How can you know th
Both.
I defy him to beat this day's w
The very walls shook.
Ink. Oh, if
I allow our friend Scamp has t
Miss Lilac, permit me to help
Miss Lil. No more, sir, I th
next spring?
Both. Dick Dunder.
Ink. That
Miss Lil.
Ink. No reason whatever, sa
Lady Bluemount! a glass of M
Lady Bluem.
Ink. How does your friend
dermere treasure?
Does he stick to his lakes, like
And their gatherers, as Hon
kings?
Lady Blueb. He has just go

Ink. As a footman?
Lady Bluem. For shame!
Nor profane with your sneers so poetic a name.
Ink. Nay, I meant him no evil, but pitied his master;
For the poet of pedlers 't were, sure, no disaster
To wear a new livery; the more, as 't is not
The first time he has turn'd both his creed and his coat.
Lady Bluem. For shame! I repeat. If Sir George could but hear ——
Lady Blueb. Never mind our friend Inkel; we all know, my dear,
'T is his way.
Sir Rich. But this place ——
Ink. Is perhaps like friend Scamp's,
A lecturer's.
Lady Bleub. Excuse me — 't is one in "the Stamps:"
He is made a collector. [1]
Tra. Collector!
Sir Rich. How?
Miss Lil. What?
Ink. I shall think of him oft when I buy a new hat:
There his works will appear ——
Lady Bluem. Sir, they reach to the Ganges.
Ink. I sha 'n't go so far — I can have them at Grange's. [2]
Lady Blueb. Oh fie!
Miss Lil. And for shame!
Lady Bluem. You 're too bad.
Both. Very good!

[1] [Mr. Wordsworth is collector of stamps for Cumberland and Westmoreland.]

[2] Grange is or was a famous pastry-cook and fruiterer in Piccadilly.

Lady Bluem. How good?
Lady Blueb. He means nought — 't is his phrase.
Lady Bluem. He grows rude.
Lady Blueb. He means nothing; nay, ask him.
Lady Bluem. Pray, sir! did you mean
What you say?
Ink. Never mind if he did; 't will be seen
That whatever he means won't alloy what he says.
Both. Sir!
Ink. Pray be content with your portion of praise;
'T was in your defence.
Both. If you please, with submission,
I can make out my own.
Ink. It would be your perdition.
While you live, my dear Botherby, never defend
Yourself or your works; but leave both to a friend.
Apropos — Is your play then accepted at last?
Both. At last?
Ink. Why I thought — that 's to say — there had pass'd
A few green-room whispers, which hinted, — you know
That the taste of the actors at best is so so. [1]
Both. Sir, the green-room 's in rapture, and so 's the committee.
Ink. Ay — yours are the plays for exciting our "pity
And fear," as the Greek says: for "purging the mind,"
I doubt if you 'll leave us an equal behind.

[1] ["When I belonged to the Drury Lane Committee, the number of plays upon the shelves were about five hundred. Mr. Sotheby obligingly offered us ALL his tragedies, and I pledged myself, and — notwithstanding many squabbles with my committee brethren — did get Ivan accepted, read, and the parts distributed. But lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon some *tepid*-ness on the part of Kean, or warmth on that of the author, Sotheby withdrew his play."—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

Both. I have written the prologue, and meant to have pray'd
For a spice of your wit in an epilogue's aid.
Ink. Well, time enough yet, when the play 's to be play'd.
Is it cast yet?
Both. The actors are fighting for parts,
As is usual in that most litigious of arts.
Lady Blueb. We 'll all make a party, and go the *first* night.
Tra. And you promised the epilogue, Inkel.
Ink. Not quite.
However, to save my friend Botherby trouble,
I 'll do what I can, though my pains must be double.
Tra. Why so?
Ink. To do justice to what goes before.
Both. Sir, I'm happy to say, I 've no fears on that score.
Your parts, Mr. Inkle, are ——
Ink. Never mind *mine;*
Stick to those of your play, which is quite your own line.
Lady Bluem. You 're a fugitive writer, I think, sir, of rhymes?
Ink. Yes, ma'am; and a fugitive reader sometimes.
On Wordswords, for instance, I seldom alight,
Or on Mouthey, his friend, without taking to flight.
Lady Bluem. Sir, your taste is too common; but time and posterity
Will right these great men, and this age's severity
Become its reproach.
Ink. I 've no sort of objection.
So I 'm not of the party to take the infection.
Lady Blueb. Perhaps you have doubts that they ever will *take?*

Ink. Not at all; on the contrary, those of the lake
Have taken already, and still will continue
To take — what they can, from a groat to a guinea,
Of pension or place; — but the subject 's a bore.
Lady Bluem. Well, sir, the time 's coming.
Ink. Scamp! don't you feel sore?
What say you to this?
Scamp. They have merit, I own;
Though their system's absurdity keeps it unknown.
Ink. Then why not unearth it in one of your lectures?
Scamp. It is only time past which comes under my strictures.
Lady Blueb. Come, a truce with all tartness: — the joy of my heart
Is to see Nature's triumph o'er all that is art.
Wild Nature! — Grand Shakspeare!
Both. And down Aristotle.
Lady Bluem. Sir George[1] thinks exactly with Lady Bluebottle:
And my Lord Seventy-four,[2] who protects our dear Bard,
And who gave him his place, has the greatest regard
For the poet, who, singing of pedlers and asses,[3]
Has found out the way to dispense with Parnassus.

[1] [The late Sir George Beaumont — a constant friend of Mr. Wordsworth.]

[2] [It was not the present Earl of Lonsdale, but James, the first earl, who offered to build, and completely furnish and man, a ship of seventy-four guns, towards the close of the American war, for the service of his country, at his own expense; — hence the *soubriquet* in the text.]

[3] ["Pedlers" and "boats," and "waggons!" Oh! ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
That trash of such sort not alone evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss

Tra. And you, Scamp! —
Scamp. I needs must confess I 'm embarrasss'd.
Ink. Don't call upon Scamp, who's already so harrass'd
With old *schools*, and new *schools*, and no *schools*, and all *schools*.
Tra. Well, one thing is certain, that *some* must be fools.
I should like to know who.
Ink. And I should not be sorry
To know who are *not:* — it would save us some worry.
Lady Blueb. A truce with remark, and let nothing control
This "feast of our reason, and flow of the soul."
Oh! my dear Mr. Botherby! sympathise! — I
Now feel such a rapture, I'm ready to fly,
I feel so elastic — "*so buoyant — so buoyant!*" [1]
Ink. Tracy! open the window.
Tra. I wish her much joy on 't.
Both. For God's sake, my Lady Bluebottle, check not
This gentle emotion, so seldom our lot
Upon earth. Give it way: 't is an impulse which lifts
Our spirits from earth; the sublimest of gifts;
For which poor Prometheus was chain'd to his mountain:
'T is the source of all sentiment — feeling's true fountain;

Floats scum-like uppermost, and these Jack Cades
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss —
The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"
Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!"
Don Juan, Canto iii.]

[1] *Fact* from life, with the *words*.

'T is the Vision of Heaven upon Earth : 't is the gas
Of the soul : 't is the seizing of shades as they pass,
And making them substance : 't is something divine : —
Ink. Shall I help you, my friend, to a little more wine ?
Both. I thank you ; not any more, sir, till I dine.
Ink. Apropos — Do you dine with Sir Humphry [1] to-day ?
Tra. I should think with *Duke* Humphry was more in your way.
Ink. It might be of yore ; but we authors now look
To the Knight, as a landlord, much more than the Duke.
The truth is, each writer now quite at his ease is,
And (except with his publisher) dines where he pleases.
But 't is now nearly five, and I must to the Park.
Tra. And I 'll take a turn with you there till 't is dark.
And you, Scamp —
Scamp. Excuse me ! I must to my notes,
For my lecture next week.
Ink. He must mind whom he quotes
Out of " Elegant Extracts."
Lady Blueb. Well, now we break up ;
But remember Miss Diddle [2] invites us to sup.
Ink. Then at two hours past midnight we all meet again,
For the sciences, sandwiches, hock, and champaigne !
Tra. And the sweet lobster salad !

[1] [The late Sir Humphrey Davy, President of the Royal Society.]

[2] [The late Miss Lydia White, whose hospitable functions have not yet been supplied to the circles of London artists and literati — an accomplished, clever, and truly amiable, but very eccentric lady. The name in the text *could* only have been suggested by the jiu-gling resemblance it bears to *Lydia*.]

Both. I honour that meal;
For 't is then that our feelings most genuinely — feel.
Ink. True; feeling is truest *then*, far beyond question:
I wish to the gods 't was the same with digestion!
Lady Blueb. Pshaw! — never mind that; for one moment of feeling
Is worth — God knows what.
Ink. 'T is at least worth concealing
For itself, or what follows —— But here comes your carriage.
Sir Rich. (*aside*). I wish all these people were d——d with *my* marriage! [*Exeunt.*

THE

VISION OF JUDGMENT,

BY

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

GGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER."

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

"This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest reasoners, that 'the destruction of governments may be proved and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects' manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in the mathematics.' There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long subsist, — a truth which all history exemplifies; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused, as by poisoning the waters of literature.

"Let rulers of the state look to this in time! But, to use the words of South, if 'our physicians think the best way of *curing* a disease is to *pamper* it, — the Lord in mercy prepare the kingdom to suffer, what He by miracle only can prevent!'

"No apology is offered for these remarks. The subject led to them; and the occasion of introducing them was willingly taken, because it is the duty of every one, whose opinion may have any influence, to expose the drift and aim of those writers who are labouring to subvert the foundations of human virtue and of human happiness."

Lord Byron rejoined as follows: —

"Mr. Southey, in his pious preface to a poem, whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler, because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the 'legislature to look to it,' as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: *not* such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the 'Satanic School.' This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted: Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastile, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was *not* occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to every thing but its real cause. That cause is obvious — the government exacted too much, and the people could neither *give* nor *bear more*. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the *English* revolution — (the first, I mean) — what was it occasioned by? The *Puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer. Acts — acts on the part of government, and *not* writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

"I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist: I wish to see the English constitution restored and not destroyed. Born

an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have *I* to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley?* One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again: but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theo-philanthropy. The church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the sectarians and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt. There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water in the pale sunbeam of human reason, but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes — unless, indeed, they are persecuted — *that*, to be sure, will increase any thing.

"Mr. Southey, with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated 'death-bed repentance' of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant 'Vision of Judgment,' in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. Southey's sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence, neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, *I* have not waited for a 'death-bed' to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the 'diabolical pride' which this pitiful renegado in his rancour would impute to those who scorn *him*. Whether upon the whole the good or evil of my deeds will preponderate, is not for me to ascertain; but as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion, (easily proved, if necessary), that I, 'in my degree,' have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the only *act* of *my* life of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connection of his own (Mr. Coleridge), did no dishonour to that connection nor to me.

"I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey's calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his *return from Switzerland* against me and others: they have done

him no good in this world; and, if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What *his* 'death-bed' may be, it is not my province to predicate: let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all work sitting down to deal damnation and destruction to his fellow-creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apotheosis of George the Third, and the Elegy on Martin the regicide, all shuffled together in his writing-desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of a Mr. Landor, the author of 'Gebir,' whose friendship for Robert Southey will it seems, 'be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten.' I for one neither envy him 'the friendship,' nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelusson's fortune, in the third and fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in 'English Bards') Porson said 'would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, — and not till then.' For the present, I leave him."

Mr. Southey was not disposed to let this pass unanswered. He, on the 5th of January, 1822, addressed to the Editor of the London Courier a letter, of which we shall quote all that is of importance: —

"I come at once to his Lordship's charge against me, blowing away the abuse with which it is frothed, and evaporating a strong acid in which it is suspended. The residuum then appears to be, that 'Mr. Southey, on his return from Switzerland (in 1817), scattered abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against Lord Byron and others.' To this I reply with *a direct and positive denial.*

"If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk, or Monk of La Trappe, — that he had furnished a *harem*, or endowed an hospital, I might have thought the account, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly; passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation, for no more than it was worth. In this manner I might have spoken of him, as of Baron Geramb,[1] the Green Man,[2] the Indian Jugglers,

[1] [Baron Geramb, — a German Jew, who, for some time, excited much public attention in London, by the extravagance of his dress. Being very troublesome and menacing in demanding remuneration from government, for a proposal he had made of engaging a body of Croat troops in the service of England, he was, in 1812, sent out of the country under the alien act.]

[2] [The "Green Man" was a popular afterpiece, so called from the hero, who wore every thing green, hat, gloves, &c. &c.]

body would stare, no one would wonder. But making no concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no cu heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat. When I spoke ders to my friends and acquaintance on my return, it wa flying-tree at Alpnacht, and the Eleven Thousand virgin logne — not of Lord Byron. I sought for no staler subj St. Ursula.

" Once, and only once, in connection with Switzerland alluded to his Lordship; and as the passage was curtaile press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the ' Q Review,' speaking incidentally of the Jungfrau, I said, ' it scene where Lord Byron's Manfred met the Devil and bul — though the Devil must have won his cause before any in this world, or the next, if he had not pleaded more fe himself than his advocate, in a cause of canonisation, ever for him.'

" With regard to the ' others,' whom his Lordship accus calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his friend names I found written in the album at Mont-Anvert, avowal of Atheism annexed, in Greek, and an indignant co in the same language, underneath it.[3] Those names, w avowal and the comment, I transcribed in my note-book, a of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, tleman in question would not have thought himself sland having that recorded of him which he has so often recorde self.

" The many opprobrious appellations which Lord Byro stowed upon me, I leave as I find them, with the praises v has bestowed upon himself.

' How easily is a noble spirit discern'd

and could not have been directed against any person whom it could possibly molest or injure less. The viper, however venomous in purpose, is harmless in effect, while it is biting at the file. It is seldom, indeed, that I waste a word, or a thought, upon those who are perpetually assailing me. But abhorring, as I do, the personalities which disgrace our current literature, and averse from controversy as I am, both by principle and inclination, I make no profession of non-resistance. When the offence and the offender are such as to call for the whip and the branding-iron, it has been both seen and felt that I can inflict them.

"Lord Byron's present exacerbation is evidently produced by an infliction of this kind — not by hearsay reports of my conversation, four years ago, transmitted him from England. The cause may be found in certain remarks upon the Satanic school of poetry, contained in my preface to the 'Vision of Judgment.' Well would it be for Lord Byron if he could look back upon any of his writings with as much satisfaction as I shall always do upon what is there said of that flagitious school. Many persons, and parents especially, have expressed their gratitude to me for having applied the branding-iron where it was so richly deserved. The Edinburgh Reviewer, indeed, with that honourable feeling, by which his criticisms are so peculiarly distinguished, suppressing the remarks themselves, has imputed them wholly to envy on my part. I give him, in this instance, full credit for sincerity; I believe he was equally incapable of comprehending a worthier motive, or of inventing a worse; and, as I have never condescended to expose, in any instance, his pitiful malevolence, I thank him for having, in this stripped it bare himself, and exhibited it in its bald, naked, and undisguised deformity.

"Lord Byron, like his encomiast, has not ventured to bring the matter of those animadversions into view. He conceals the fact, that they are directed against the authors of blasphemous and lascivious books; against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality, like themselves; against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals.

"His Lordship has thought it not unbecoming in him to call me a scribbler of all work. Let the word *scribbler* pass; it is an appellation that will not stick, like that of *the Satanic school*. But, if a scribbler, how am I one of *all work?* I will tell Lord Byron what I have *not* scribbled — what kind of work I have *not* done. I have never published libels upon my friends and acquaintance, expressed my sorrow for those libels, and called them in during a mood of better mind — and then re-issued them, when the evil spirit, which for a time had been cast out, had returned and taken possession, with seven others more wicked than himself. I have

never abused the power, of which every author is in some degree possessed, to wound the character of a man, or the heart of a woman. I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not dare to affix my name; or which I feared to claim in a court of justice, if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller. I have never manufactured furniture for the brothel. None of *these things* have I done; none of the foul work by which literature is perverted to the injury, of mankind. My hands are clean; there is no 'damned spot' upon them — no taint, which 'all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten.'

"Of the work which I *have* done, it becomes me not here to speak, save only as relates to the Satanic School, and its Coryphæus, the author of 'Don Juan.' I have held up that school to public detestation, as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals of the country. I have given them a designation *to which their founder and leader answers.* I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliath in the forehead. I have fastened his name upon the gibbet, for reproach and ignominy as long as it shall endure. — Take it down who can!

"One word of advice to Lord Byron before I conclude. — When he attacks me again, let it be in rhyme. For one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper should be obliged to *keep time.* And while he may still indulge in the same rankness and virulence of insult, the metre will, in some degree, seem to lessen its vulgarity."

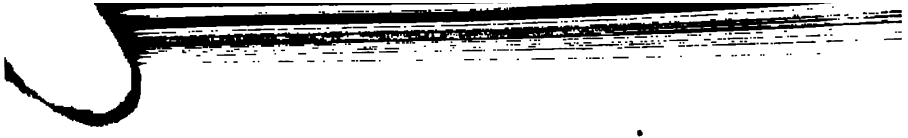
Lord Byron, without waiting for the closing hint of the foregoing letter, had already "attacked" Mr. Southey, "in rhyme." On October 1. 1821, he says to Mr. Moore, —

"I have written about sixty stanzas of a poem, in octave stanzas (in the Pulci style, which the fools in England think was invented by Whistlecraft — it is as old as the hills in Italy,) called The 'Vision of Judgment,' by Quevedo Redivivus. In this it is my intention to put the said George's Apotheosis in a Whig point of view, not forgetting the Poet Laureate, for his preface and his other demerits."

Lord Byron had proceeded some length in the performance thus announced, before Mr. Southey's letter to the "Courier" fell into his hands. On seeing it, his Lordship's feelings were so excited that he could not wait for revenge in inkshed, but on the instant despatched a cartel of mortal defiance to the Poet Laureate, through the medium of Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, — to whom he thus writes February 6. 1822: —

"I have got Southey's pretended reply: what remains to be done is to call him out. The question is, would he come? for, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose. You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you. I apply to you as one well versed in the duello, or monomachie. Of course I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing I was the survivor) in the same manner; having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence."

Mr. Kinnaird, justly appreciating the momentary exacerbation under which Lord Byron had written the challenge which this letter enclosed, and fully aware how absurd the whole business would seem to his distant friend after the lapse of such a period as must intervene before the return of post from Keswick to Ravenna, put Lord Byron's warlike missive aside; and it never was heard of by Mr. Southey until after the death of its author. Meantime Lord Byron had continued his "attack in rhyme"—and *his* "Vision of Judgment," after ineffectual negotiations with various publishers in London, at length saw the light in 1822, in the pages of the unfortunate "Liberal."]



PREFACE.

It hath been wisely said, that "One fool makes many;" and it hath been poetically observed,

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—*Pope.*

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse*. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegado intolerance, and impious cant, of the poem by the author of "Wat Tyler," are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself — containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem — a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed "Satanic School," the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists any where, excepting in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers

nagines, like Scrub, to have "talked
y laughed consumedly."
now enough of most of the writers to
upposed to allude, to assert, that they, in
al capacities, have done more good, in the
ife, to their fellow-creatures, in any one
r. Southey has done harm to himself by
es in his whole life; and this is saying a

But I have a few questions to ask.
Mr. Southey the author of "Wat Tyler?"
as he not refused a remedy at law by the
lge of his beloved England, because it was a
ous and seditious publication? [1]
Was he not entitled by William Smith, in
ament, "a rancorous renegado?" [2]

21, when Mr. Southey applied to the Court of Chancery,
junction to restrain the publication of "Wat Tyler,"
ancellor Eldon pronounced the following judgment:—
looked into all the affidavits, and have read the book it-
he bill goes the length of stating, that the work was
ed by Mr. Southey in the year 1794; that it is his own
ion, and that it has been published by the defendants with
sanction or authority; and therefore seeking an accoun
profits which have arisen from, and an injunction to restrain
ublication. have examined the cases that I have been ab
et with containing precedents for injunctions of this natur
find that they all proceed upon the ground of a title to t
erty in the plaintiff. On this head a distinction has been tak
hich a considerable weight of authority attaches, support
is, by the opinion of Lord Chief Justice Eyre; who has
ely laid it down, that a person cannot recover in damage
ork which is, in its nature, calculated to do injury to the
Upon the same principle this court refused an injuncti
e case of Walcot" (Peter Pindar) "v. Walker, inasmuch
uld not have recovered damages in an action. After the
nsideration, I remain of the same opinion as that which I
ained in deciding the case referred to. Taking all the c
tances into my consideration, it appears to me that I cann
his injunction, until after Mr. Southey shall have esta
his right to the property by action."—Injunction refused.

2 [Mr. William Smith, M. P. for Norwich, made a vir

4thly, Is he not poet laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face? [1]

And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare *he* call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding; its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the "Anti-jacobin," by his present patrons. [2] Hence all this "skimble

---

ack on Mr. Southey in the House of Commons on the 14th of March, 1817, and the Laureate replied by a letter in the *Courier*.]

[1] [Among the effusions of Mr. Southey's juvenile muse, we find this

"Inscription for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years:—

"For thirty years, secluded from mankind,
Here Martin lingered. Often have these walls
Echo'd his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison. Not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars he pour'd a sad
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime?
He had rebell'd against the King, and sat
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! but such
As Plato loved; such as, with holy zeal,
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes! awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days,
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfill'd."

[2] [The following imitation of the Inscription on the Regicide's Apartment, written by Mr. Canning, appeared in the "*Anti-jacobin*:"—

"Inscription for the Door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the 'Prentice-cide, was confined, previous to her Execution:

"For one long term, or ere her trial came,
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these calls

scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him — "*qualis ab incepto.*"

If there is any thing obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written every thing else, for aught that the writer cared — had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonise a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king, — inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new "Vision," his *public* career will not be more favourably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them than Robert Southey. I have also treated them

---

Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She scream'd for fresh geneva. Not to her
Did the blythe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last in slow-drawn cart she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton when at col'ege. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! but time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd."]

more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P. S. — It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this "Vision." But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer him to Fielding's "Journey from this World to the next," and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk, not "like a school divine," but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's Wife of Bath, Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, Swift's Tale of a Tub, and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, &c. may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.

Q. R.

*** Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the meantime have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate jaco-

bins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey laudeth grievously "one Mr. Landor,"[1] who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the poet laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the strength of a poem called *Gebir*. Who could suppose, that in this same Gebir the aforesaid Savage Landor (for such is his grim cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven, — yea, even George the Third! See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign: —

(Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view; and he exclaims to his ghostly guide) —

"Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?
Listen! him yonder who, bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung.
He too amongst my ancestors! I hate
The despot, but the dastard I despise.
Was he our countryman?"
"Alas, O king!
Iberia bore him, but the bread accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."
"He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods?"
"Gebir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods,
Though them indeed his daily face adored;
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives
Sqander'd, as stones to exercise a sling,
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice —
Oh madness of mankind! address'd, adored!" — *Gebir*, p. 28.

[1 Walter Savage Landor, Esq., author of "Count Julian, a Tragedy" — "Imaginary Conversations," in three series — and various other works, was an early friend of Mr. Southey, and difference of politics has never disturbed their personal feelings towards each *other*. Mr. Landor has long resided in Italy.]

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it; but certainly these teachers of "great mora lessons" are apt to be found in strange company.

THE

VISION OF JUDGMENT.

I.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late;
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull altogether," as they say
At sea — which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below;
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
Save the recording angel's black bureau;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and wo,
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV.

His business so augmented of late years,
That he was forced, against his will no doubt,
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)
For some resource to turn himself about,
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out,
By the increased demand for his remarks:
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

V.

This was a handsome board — at least for heaven;
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust —
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust

VI.

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record
What angels shrink from: even the very devil
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,
So surfeited with the infernal revel:

Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion —
'T is, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII.

Let 's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,
And heaven none — they form the tyrant's lease,
With nothing but new names subscribed upon 't;
'T will one day finish: meantime they increase,
"With seven heads and ten horns," and all in front,
Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are born
Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn [1]
Died George the Third; [2] although no tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
Left him nor mental nor external sun:

[1] [George III. died the 29th of January, 1820, — a year in which the revolutionary spirit broke out all over the south of Europe.]

[2] [Here, perhaps, the reader will thank us for transcribing a few of Mr. Southey's hexameters: —

"Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window, beholding
Mountain, and lake, and vale; the valley disrobed of its verdure:
Thus as I stood, the bell, which awhile from its warning had rested,
Sent forth its note again, TOLL! TOLL! through the silence of evening.
'T is a deep dull sound, that is heavy and mournful at all times,
For it tells of mortality always. But heavier this day
Fell on the conscious ear its deeper and mournfuller import,
Yea, in the heart it sunk; for this was the day when the herald,
Breaking his wand, should proclaim, that George our King was departed.
Thou art released! I cried: thy soul is deliver'd from bondage!
Thou, who hast lain so long in mental and visual darkness,
Thou art in yonder heaven! thy place is in light and in glory.

A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died — but left his subjects still behind,
One half as mad — and t' other no less blind.

IX.

He died! his death made no great stir on earth:
His burial made some pomp; there was profusion
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
Of aught but tears — save those shed by collusion.
For these things may be bought at their true worth;
Of elegy there was the due infusion —
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

X.

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the wo.
There throbb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall:
And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold. [1]

Come, and behold! — methought a startling voice from the twilight
Answer'd; and therewithal I felt a stroke as of lightning,
With a sound like the rushing of winds, or the roaring of waters.
If from without it came, I knew not, so sudden the seizure;
Or if the brain itself in that strong flash had expended
All its electric stores. Of strength and of thought it bereft me;
Hearing, and sight, and sense were gone." —
[SOUTHEY'S *Vision of Judgment.*]

[1] ["So by the unseen comforted, raised I my head in obedience,
And in a vault I found myself placed, arch'd over on all sides.

XI.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
The natural compound left alone to fight
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;
But the unnatural balsams merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as bare
As the mere million's base unmummied clay —
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII.

He 's dead — and upper earth with him has done;
He 's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
For him, unless he left a German will;
But where 's the proctor who will ask his son?
In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII.

"God save the king!" It is a large economy
In God to save the like; but if he will
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
Of those who think damnation better still:
I hardly know too if not quite alone am I
In this small hope of bettering future ill

Narrow and low was that house of the dead. Around it were coffins,
Each in its niche, and palls, and urns, and funeral hatchments,
Velvets of Tyrian dye, retaining their hues unfaded;
Blazonry vivid still, as if fresh from the touch of the limner;
Nor was the golden fringe, nor the golden broidery, tarnish'd.
Whence came the light whereby that place of death was discovered?
For there was no lamp, &c." — *Southey.*

By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV.

I know this is unpopular; I know
'T is blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
I know my catechism; I know we 're cramm'd
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
I know that all save England's church have shamm'd,
And that the other twice two hundred churches
And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad purchase.

XV.

God help us all! God help me too! I am,
God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
And not a whit more difficult to damn,
Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,
As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost every body born to die.

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late —
A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame;
In short, a roar of things extremely great,
Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim;
But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, "There 's another star gone out, I think!"

XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes —
At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his nose:
"Saint porter," said the angel, "prithee rise!"
Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows
An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes:
To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the matter?
"Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

XVIII.

"No," quoth the cherub; "George the Third is dead." [1] [apostle:
"And who *is* George the Third?" replied the
"*What George? what Third?*" "The king of England," said
The angel. "Well! he won't find kings to jostle
Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
Because the last we saw here had a tustle,

[1] ["O'er the adamantine gates an Angel stood on the summit.
Ho! he exclaimed, King George of England cometh to judgment!
Hear, Heaven! Ye Angels, hear! Souls of the Good and the Wicked,
Whom it concerns, attend! Thou Hell, bring forth his accusers!
As the sonorous summons was utter'd, the Winds, who were waiting,
Bore it abroad thro' Heaven; and Hell, in her nethermost corners,
Heard and obey'd in dismay.
——— A multitudinous army
Came at the awful call. In semicircle inclining,
Tier over tier they took their place: aloft, in the distance,
Far as the sight could pierce, that glorious company glisten'd.
From the skirts of the shining assembly, a slippery vapour
Rose in the blue serene, and moving onward it deepen'd,
Taking a denser form. — *Southey.*]

And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,
Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX.

"He was, if I remember, king of France;[1]
That head of his, which could not keep a crown
On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
A claim to those of martyrs — like my own:
If I had had my sword, as I had once
When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

XX.

"And then he set up such a headless howl,
That all the saints came out and took him in;
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;
That fellow Paul — the parvenù! The skin
Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin,
So as to make a martyr, never sped
Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI.

"But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
There would have been a different tale to tell:
The fellow-feeling in the saints beholders
Seems to have acted on them like a spell;
And so this very foolish head heaven solders
Back on its trunk: it may be very well,
And seems the custom here to overthrow
Whatever has been wisely done below."

[1] [Louis XVI., guillotined in January 1793.]

XXII.

The angel answer'd, " Peter! do not pout:
The king who comes has head and all entire,
And never knew much what it was about —
He did as doth the puppet — by its wire,
And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:
My business and your own is not to inquire
Into such matters, but to mind our cue —
Which is to act as we are bid to do."

XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan
Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,
Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an old man
With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.[1]

XXIV.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host
A Spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
His brow was like the deep when tempest-toss'd;
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

[1] ["Then I beheld the King. From a cloud which cover'd the pavement
His reverend form uprose: heavenward his face was directed:
Heavenward his eyes were rais'd, and heavenward his arms were extended.
Presently one approached to greet him with joyful obeisance;

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,
With such a glance of supernatural hate,
As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
He patter'd with his keys at a great rate,
And sweated through his apostolic skin:
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled all together,
Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt
A tingling to the tip of every feather,
And form'd a circle like Orion's belt
Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew whither
His guards had led him, though they gently dealt

He of whom, in an hour of woe, the assassin bereaved us
When his counsels most, and his resolute virtue, were needed.
Thou! said the Monarch, here? Thou, PERCEVAL, summon'd before me?—
Then, as his waken'd mind to the weal of the country reverted,
What of his Son, he ask'd, what course by the Prince had been follow'd?
Right in his Father's steps hath the Regent trod, was the answer:
Firm hath he proved and wise, at a time when weakness or error
Would have sunk us in shame, and to ruin have hurled us headlong.—
Peace is obtain'd then at last, with safety and honour! the Monarch
Cried, and he clasp'd his hands,—I thank thee, O merciful Father!—
Peace hath been won by the sword, the faithful minister answer'd,
Paris hath," &c.—*Southey.*]

With royal manes (for by many stories,
And true, we learn the angels all are Tories).

XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew
  Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
Flung over space an universal hue
  Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges
Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a new
  Aurora borealis spread its fringes
O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound,
By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's Sound."[1]

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
  A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,[2]

[1] [See Captain Sir Edward Parry's Voyage, in 1819-20, for the Discovery of a North-west passage. — "I believe it is almost impossible for words to give an idea of the beauty and variety which this magnificent phenomenon displayed. The luminous arch had broken into irregular masses, streaming with much rapidity in different directions, varying continually in shape and interest, and extending themselves from north, by the east, to north. At one time a part of the arch near the zenith was bent into convolutions resembling those of a snake in motion, and undulating rapidly, an appearance which we had not before observed. The end towards the north was also bent like a shepherd's crook. The usual pale light of the aurora strongly resembled that produced by the combustion of phosphorus; a very slight tinge of red was noticed on this occasion, when the aurora was most vivid, but no other colours were visible." P. 135.]

[2] ["Thus as he spake, methought the surrounding space dilated;
Over head I beheld the infinite ether; beneath us
Lay the solid expanse of the firmament spread like a pavement;
Wheresoever I look'd, there was light and glory around me;
Brightest it seem'd in the East, where the New Jerusalem glitter'd.
Eminent on a hill, there stood the Celestial City;
Beaming afar it shone; its towers and cupolas rising

Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:
My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
With earthly likenesses, for here the night
Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
Johanna Southcote,[1] or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX.

'T was the archangel Michael: all men know
The make of angels and archangels, since
There 's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.
There also are some altar-pieces, though
I really can't say that they much evince
One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

XXX.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;
A goodly work of him from whom all glory
And good arise; the portal past—he stood;
Before him the young cherubs and saints hoary—

High in the air serene, with the brightness of gold in t
furnace,
Where on their breadth the splendour lay intense and q
escent:
Part with a fierier glow, and a short quick tremulous motion
Like the burning pyropus; and turrets and pinnacles sp
kled,
Playing in jets of light, with a diamond-like glory coruscant.
Drawing near, I beheld what over the portal was written:
This is the Gate," &c.—*Southey*.]

[1] [Johanna Southcote, the aged lunatic, who fancied her
was believed by many followers, to be with child of a 'r
siah, died in 1815. There is a full account of her in the
Review, vol. xxiv. p. 496.

I say *young*, begging to be understood
By looks, not years; and should be very sorry
To state, they were not older than St. Peter,
But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter).

XXXI.

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before
That arch-angelic hierarch, the first
Of essences angelical, who wore
The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed
Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
No thought, save for his Maker's service, durst
Intrude, however glorified and high;
He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII.

He and the sombre silent Spirit met —
They knew each other both for good and ill;
Such was their power, that neither could forget
His former friend and future foe; but still
There was a high, immortal, proud regret
In either's eye, as if 't were less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years
Their date of war, and their "champ clos" the spheres.

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space: we know
From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;
And that the "sons of God," like those of clay,
Must keep him company; and we might show
From the same book, in how polite a way
The dialogue is held between the Powers
Of Good and Evil — but 't would take up hours.

XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic tract,
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,
If Job be allegory or a fact,
But a true narrative; and thus I pick
From out the whole but such and such an act,
As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.
'T is every tittle true, beyond suspicion,
And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds is
The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,
And souls despatch'd to that world or to this;
And therefore Michael and the other wore
A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI.

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau,
But with a graceful oriental bend,
Pressing one radiant arm just where below
The heart in good men is supposed to tend
He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,
But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow
An instant; and then raising it, he stood
In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
Cause why King George by no means could or should

Make out a case to be exempt from woe
  Eternal, more than other kings, endued
With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions."[1]

XXXVIII.

Michael began: "What wouldst thou with this man,
  Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill
Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
  That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do thy will,
If it be just: if in this earthly span
  He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
His duties as a king and mortal, say,
And he is thine; if not, let him have way."

XXXIX.

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air, "even here,
  Before the Gate of him thou servest, must
I claim my subject: and will make appear
  That as he was my worshipper in dust,
So shall he be in spirit, although dear
  To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust
Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne
He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL.

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*; it was,
  Once, more thy master's: but I triumph not
In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!
  Need he thou servest envy me my lot:

[1] ["No saint in the course of his religious warfare was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Dr. Johnson; he said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, 'Sir, hell is paved with good intentions.'"—*Boswell*, vol. v. p. 305. edit. 1835.]

With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
In worship round him, he may have forgot
Yon weak creation of such paltry things:
I think few worth damnation save their kings, —

XLI.

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
Assert my right as lord; and even had
I such an inclination, 't were (as you
Well know) superfluous; they are grown so bad,
That hell has nothing better left to do
Than leave them to themselves: so much more mad
And evil by their own internal curse,
Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII.

"Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm
Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,
The world and he both wore a different form,
And much of earth and all the watery plain
Of ocean call'd him king: through many a storm
His isles had floated on the abyss of time;
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

XLIII.

"He came to his sceptre young; he leaves it old:
Look to the state in which he found his realm,
And left it; and his annals too behold,
How to a minion first he gave the helm;
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance
Thine eye along America and France.

XLIV.

"'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
So let him be consumed. From out the past
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs — from the bloody rolls amass'd
Of sin and slaughter — from the Cæsars' school,
Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the slain.

XLV.

"He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'
Found George the Third their first opponent. Whose
History was ever stain'd as his will be
With national and individual woes?
I grant his household abstinence; I grant
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

XLVI.

"I know he was a constant consort; own
He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
All this is much, and most upon a throne;
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
I grant him all the kindest can accord;
And this was well for him, but not for those
Millions who found him what oppression chose.

XLVII.

"The New World shook him off; the Old yet groans
Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
To all his vices, without what begot

Compassion for him — his tame virtues; drones
Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

XLVIII.

"Five millions of the primitive, who hold
The faith which makes ye great on earth, implored
A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old, —
Freedom to worship — not alone your Lord,
Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold
Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd
The foe to catholic participation
In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX.

"True! he allow'd them to pray God; but as
A consequence of prayer, refused the law
Which would have placed them upon the same base
With those who did not hold the saints in awe."
But here Saint Peter started from his place,
And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw:
Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,
While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

L.

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"
"Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge
The wrongs he made your satellites endure;[1]
And if to this exchange you should be given,
I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven!

[1] [*George* III.'s determination against the Catholic claims.]

LI.

Here Michael interposed: "Good saint! and devil!
Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.
Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil:
Satan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
And condescension to the vulgar's level:
Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
Have you got more to say?"—"No."—"If you please,
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

LII.

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand,
Which stirr'd with its electric qualities
Clouds farther off than we can understand,
Although we find him sometimes in our skies;
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
In all the planets, and hell's batteries
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions. [1]

[1] ——— ["From the opposite region,
Heavy and sulphurous clouds roll'd on, and completed the circle.
There with the Spirits accurst, in congenial darkness enveloped,
Were the souls of the wicked, who, wilful in guilt and error,
Chose the service of sin, and now were abiding its wages.
Change of place to them brought no reprieval from anguish;
They, in their evil thoughts and desires of impotent malice,
Envy, and hate, and blasphemous rage, and remorse unavailing,
Carried a hell within, to which all outer affliction,
So it abstracted the sense, might be deem'd a remission of torment.
At the edge of the cloud, the Princes of Darkness were marshall'd;
Dimly descried within were wings and truculent faces;
And in the thick obscure there struggled a mutinous uproar,
Railing, and fury, and strife, that the whole deep body of darkness
Roll'd like a troubled sea, with a wild and manifold motion."
Southey.]

LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls
As have the privilege of their damnation
Extended far beyond the mere controls
Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station
Is theirs particularly in the rolls
Of hell assign d; but where their inclination
Or business carries them in search of game,
They may range freely — being damn'd the same.

LIV.

They are proud of this — as very well they may,
It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
Stuck in their loins; [1] or like to an "entré"
Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.
I borrow my comparisons from clay,
Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be
Offended with such base low likenesses;
We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell —
About ten million times the distance reckon'd
From our sun to its earth, as we can tell
How much time it takes up, even to a second,
For every ray that travels to dispel
The fogs of London, through which, dimly beac
The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,
If that the *summer* is not too severe: [2]

[1] [A gold or gilt key, peeping from below the skirts of the marks a lord chamberlain.]

[2] [An allusion to Horace Walpole's expression in a letter — *summer has set in with its usual severity.*"]

LVI.

I say that I can tell — 't was half a minute
I know the solar beams take up more time
Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;
But then their telegraph is less sublime,
And if they ran a race, they would not win it
'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own clime.
The sun takes up some years for every ray
To reach its goal — the devil not half a day.

LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size
Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd
(I've seen a something like it in the skies
In the Ægean, ere a squall); it near'd,
And, growing bigger, took another guise;
Like an aërial ship it tack'd, and steer'd,
Or *was* steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar
Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer; —

LVIII.

But take your choice); and then it grew a cloud;
And so it was — a cloud of witnesses.[1]

[1] ["On the cerulean floor by the dread circle surrounded,
Stood the soul of the King alone. In front was the Presence
Veil'd with excess of light; and behind was the blackness o darkness;
When the trumpet was blown, and the Angel made proclamation —
Lo, where the King appears! Come forward, ye who arraign him!
Forth from the lurid cloud a Demon came at the summons.
It was the Spirit by whom his righteous reign had been troubled;
Likest in form uncouth to the hideous Idols whom India
(Long by guilty neglect to hellish delusions abandon'd,)
Worships with horrible rites of self-destruction and torture.

[illegible] may be liken'd to a goose
And realised the phrase of " hell brol

LIX.

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout J(
Who damn'd away his eyes as heret
There Paddy brogued " By Jasus !"-
wull ? "
The temperate Scot exclaim'd : tl
In certain terms I sha'n't translate in
As the first coachman will ; and 'mi
The voice of Jonathan was heard to ex
" *Our* president is going to war, I gue

LX.

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutc
In short, an universal shoal of shade
From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain
Of all climes and professions, years a

[illegible]

Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
All summon'd by this grand "subpœna," to
Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me or you.

LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turn'd all colours — as a peacock's tail,
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Satan: "Why —
My good old friend, for such I deem you, though
Our different parties make us fight so shy,
I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
Our difference is *political*, and I
Trust that, whatever may occur below,
You know my great respect for you: and this
Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss —

LXIII.

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
My call for witnesses? I did not mean
That you should half of earth and hell produce;
'T is even superfluous, since two honest, clean,
True testimonies are enough: we lose

LXIV.

Satan replied, "To me the matter is
Indifferent, in a personal point of view:
I can have fifty better souls than this
With far less trouble than we have gone through
Already; and I merely argued his
Late majesty of Britain's case with you
Upon a point of form: you may dispose
Of him; I 've kings enough below, God knows!"

LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon [1] (late call'd "multifaced"
By multo-scribbling Southey). "Then we 'll call

[1] ["But when he stood in the Presence,
Then was the Fiend dismay'd, though with impudence clothed as a garment;
And the lying tongues were mute, and the lips which had scatter'd
Accusation and slander were still. No time for evasion
This; in the Presence he stood: no place for flight; for dissembling
No possibility there. From the souls on the edge of the darkness,
Two he produced, prime movers and agents of mischief, and bade them
Show themselves faithful now to the cause for which they had labour'd.
Wretched and guilty souls, where now their audacity? Where now
Are the insolent tongues so ready of old at rejoinder?
Where the lofty pretences of public virtue and freedom?
Where the gibe, and the jeer, and the threat, the envenom'd invective,
Calumny, falsehood, fraud, and the whole ammunition of malice?
Wretched and guilty souls, they stood in the face of their Sovereign,
Conscious and self-condemn'd; confronted with him they had injured,
At the judgment-seat * they stood."—*Southey.*]

* In reference to this part of Mr. Southey's poem, the Eclectic

One or two persons of the myriads placed
Around our congress, and dispense with all
The rest," quoth Michael: "Who may be so graced
As to speak first? there 's choice enough — who shall
It be?" Then Satan answer'd, "There are many;
But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any."

LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed,[1] curious-looking sprite
Upon the instant started from the throng,

[1] ["Beholding the foremost,
Him by the *cast of his eye* oblique, I knew as the firebrand
Whom the unthinking populace held for their idol and hero,

Reviewer, we believe the late Rev. Robert Hall, said: — "Mr. Southey's 'Vision of Judgment' is unquestionably a profane poem. The assertion will stagger those only who do not consider what is the import of the word. Profaneness is the irreverent use of sacred names and things. A burlesque of things sacred, whether intentional or not, is profaneness. To apply the language of Scripture in a ludicrous connection is to profane it. The mummery of prayer on the stage, though in a serious play, is a gross profanation of sacred things. And all acts which come under the taking of God's name in vain are acts of profaneness. According to this definition of the word, the Laureate's 'Vision of Judgment' is a poem grossly and unpardonably profane. Mr. Southey's intention was, we are well persuaded, very far from being irreligious; and, indeed, the profaneness of the poem partly arises from the ludicrous effect produced by the bad taste and imbecility of the performance, for which his intentions are clearly not answerable. Whatever liberties a poet may claim to take, in representations partly allegorical, with the invisible realities of the world to come, the ignis fatuus of political zeal has, in this instance, carried Mr. Southey far beyond any assignable bounds of poetical license. It would have been enough to celebrate the apotheosis of the monarch; but, when he proceeds to travestie the final judgment, and to convert the awful tribunal of Heaven into a drawing-room levee, where he, the Poet Laureate takes upon himself, to play the part of a lord in waiting, presenting one Georgian worthy after another to kiss hands, on promotion, — what should be grave is, indeed, turned to farce.]

Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite;
For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
By people in the next world; where unite
All the costumes since Adam's, right or wrong,
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

Lord of Misrule in his day. But how was that countenance
ter'd
Where emotion of fear or of shame had never been witness'd
That invincible forehead abash'd; and those eyes wherein
lice
Once had been wont to shine with wit and hilarity temper'd,
Into how deep a gloom their mournful expression had settled
Little availed it now that not from a purpose malignant,
Not with evil intent, he had chosen the service of evil,
But of his own desires the slave, with profligate impulse,
Solely by selfishness moved, and reckless of aught that mi
follow.
Could he plead in only excuse a confession of baseness?
Could he hide the extent of his guilt; or hope to atone for
Faction excited at home, when all old feuds were abated,
Insurrection abroad, and the train of woes that had follow'd!
Discontent and disloyalty, like the teeth of the dragon,
He had sown on the winds; they had ripen'd beyond the
lantic *;
Thence in natural birth, sedition, revolt, revolution,
France had received the seeds, and reap'd the harvest of h
rors;
Where — where should the plague be stay'd? Oh, most tr
pitied
They of all souls in bale, who see no term to the evil
They by their guilt have raised, no end to their inner upbr
ings!
Him I could not choose but know," &c. — *Southey.*]

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* ["Our new world has generally the credit of having
lighted the torch which was to illuminate, and soon set in a bl
the finest part of Europe; yet I think the first flint was struck,
the first spark elicited, by the patriot John Wilkes, a few years
fore. In a time of profound peace, the restless spirit of men,
prived of other objects of public curiosity, seized with avidity
those questions which were then agitated with so much viol
in England, touching the rights of the people and of the gov
ment, and the nature of power. The end of the political dr

LXVII.

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds
  Assembled, and exclaim'd, "My friends of all
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds;
  So let 's to business: why this general call?
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
  And 't is for an election that they bawl,
Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?"

LXVIII

"Sir," replied Michael, "you mistake; these things
  Are of a former life, and what we do
Above is more august; to judge of kings
  Is the tribunal met: so now you know."
"Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,"
  Said Wilkes, "are cherubs; and that soul below
Looks much like George the Third, but to my mind
A good deal older — Bless me! is he blind?"

LXIX.

"He is what you behold him, and his doom
  Depends upon his deeds," the Angel said.
"If you have aught to arraign in him, the tomb
  Gives license to the humblest beggar's head
To lift itself against the loftiest." — "Some,"
  Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see them laid in lead,
For such a liberty — and I, for one,
Have told them what I thought beneath the sun.

---

was in favour of what was called, and in some respects was, the liberty of the people. Encouraged by the success of this great comedian, the curtain was no sooner dropped on the scene of Europe, than new actors hastened to raise it again in America, and to give the world a new play, infinitely more interesting and more brilliant than the first."— M. SIMOND.]

LXX.

" *Above* the sun repeat, then, what thou hast
To urge against him," said the Archangel. "
Replied the spirit, "since old scores are past,
Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,
With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky
I don't like ripping up old stories, since
His conduct was but natural in a prince.

LXXI.

" Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;
But then I blame the man himself much less
Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwillin
To see him punish'd here for their excess,
Since they were both damn'd long ago, and stil
Their place below: for me, I have forgiven,
And vote his 'habeas corpus' into heaven."

LXXII.

" Wilkes," said the Devil, " I understand all this
You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,[1]
And seem to think it would not be amiss
To grow a whole one on the other side
Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*
Reign is concluded; whatsoe'er betide,
He won't be sovereign more: you 've lost your la
For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

[1] [For the political history of John Wilkes, who died ch
lain of the city of London, we must refer to any histor
reign of George III. His profligate personal character
dantly displayed in the collection of his letters, publishe
daughter / since his death.]

LXXIII.

ever, I knew what to think of it,
n I beheld you in your jesting way,
g and whispering round about the spit
re Belial, upon duty for the day,
Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
llow even in hell breeds farther ills;
ve him *gagg'd* — 't was one of his own bills.

LXXIV.

Junius!" [1] From the crowd a shadow stalk'd,
at the name there was a general squeeze,
the very ghosts no longer walk'd
mfort, at their own aërial ease,
re all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,
re shall see), and jostled hands and knees,
ind compress'd and pent within a bladder,
a human colic, which is sadder.

LXXV.

adow came — a tall, thin, grey-hair'd figure,
look'd as it had been a shade on earth;

ho might the other be, his comrade in guilt and in suf-
g,
to the proof like him, and shrinking like him from the
?
s the Libeller lived, and shot his arrows in darkness;
ted he pass'd to the grave, and, leaving behind him
works on earth, and the pest of an evil example,
the world beyond, where no offences are hidden.
ad he been in his life, and now a visor of iron,
round his head, had abolish'd his features for ever.
as the slanderer stood, and turn'd his face from the
arch,
nd as it was, . . . so insupportably dreadful
late to conscious guilt is the eye of the injured."—
Southey.]

Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
But nought to mark its breeding or its birth;
Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,
With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;
But as you gazed upon its features, they
Changed every instant — to *what*, none could say.

LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
Could they distinguish whose the features were;
The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;
They varied like a dream — now here, now there;
And several people swore from out the press,
They knew him perfectly; and one could swear
He was his father: upon which another
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
A nabob, a man-midwife;[1] but the wight
Mysterious changed his countenance at least
As oft as they their minds: though in full sight
He stood, the puzzle only was increased;
The man was a phantasmagoria in
Himself — he was so volatile and thin.[2]

[1] [Among the various persons to whom the Letters of Ju
have been attributed we find the Duke of Portland, Lord Ge
Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, Mr. Burke, Mr. Dunning, the
John Horne Tooke, Mr. Hugh Boyd, Dr. Wilmot, &c.]

[2] ["I don't know what to think. Why should Junius be d
If suddenly apoplexed, would he rest in his grave without sen
his σῶλον to shout in the ears of posterity, 'Junius was X. Y
Esq., buried in the parish of * * * * *.' Repair his monumen
churchwardens! Print a new edition of his Letters, ye bool
Impossible, — the man *must be alive*, and will never

LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him *one*,
Presto! his face changed, and he was another;
And when that change was hardly well put on,
It varied, till I don't think his own mother
(If that he had a mother) would her son
Have known, he shifted so from one to t' other;
Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
At this epistolary "Iron Mask."[1]

LXXIX.

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—
"Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely says
Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem
That he was not even *one;* now many rays
Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam
Hid him from sight — like fogs on London days:
Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's fancies,
And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.[2]

---

without the disclosure. I like him; — he was a good hater."— *Byron Diary*, Nov. 23. 1813. — Sir Philip Francis died in Dec. 1818.]

[1] [The mystery of "l'homme au masque de fer," the everlasting puzzle of the last century, has at length, in general opinion, been cleared up, by a French work published in 1825, and which formed the basis of an entertaining one in English by Lord Dover. See the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxiv. p. 19.]

[2] [That the work entitled "The Identity of Junius with a distinguished Living Character established" proves Sir Philip Francis to be Junius, we will not affirm; but this we can safely assert, that it accumulates such a mass of circumstantial evidence, as renders it extremely difficult to believe he is not, and that, if so many coincidences shall be found to have misled us in this case, our faith in all conclusions drawn from proofs of a similar kind may henceforth be shaken. — MACKINTOSH.]

LXXX.

I 've an hypothesis — 't is quite my own ;
I never let it out till now, for fear
Of doing people harm about the throne,
And injuring some minister or peer,
On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown ;
It is — my gentle public, lend thine ear !
'T is, that what Junius we are wont to call
Was *really, truly,* nobody at all.

LXXXI.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
Written without hands, since we daily view
Them written without heads ; and books, we see,
Are fill'd as well without the latter too :
And really till we fix on somebody
For certain sure to claim them as his due,
Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

LXXXII.

" And who and what art thou ? " the Archangel said.
" For *that* you may consult my title-page,"
Replied this mighty shadow of a shade :
" If I have kept my secret half an age,
I scarce shall tell it now." — " Canst thou upbraid,
Continued Michael, " George Rex, or allege
Aught further ? " Junius answered, " You had better
First ask him for *his* answer to my letter :

LXXXIII.

" My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
" Repent'st thou not," said Michael, " of some past
Exaggeration ? something which may doom

Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast
Too bitter — is it not so? — in thy gloom
Of passion?" — "Passion!" cried the phantom dim,
"I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV.

"What I have written, I have written: let
The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
Old "Nominis Umbra;"[1] and while speaking yet,
Away he melted in celestial smoke.[2]
Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't forget
To call George Washington,[3] and John Horne Tooke,
And Franklin;" — but at this time there was heard
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

[1] ["The well known motto of Junius is, "*Stat nominis umbra.*"]

[2] ["Caitiffs, are ye dumb? cried the multifaced Demon in anger;
Think ye then by shame to shorten the term of your penance?
Back to your penal dens! — And with horrible grasp gigantic
Seizing the guilty pair, he swung them aloft, and in vengeance
Hurl'd them all abroad, far into the sulphurous darkness.
Sons of Faction, be warned! And ye, ye Slanderers! learn ye
Justice, and bear in mind that after death there is Judgment.
Whirling, away they flew! Nor long himself did he tarry,
Ere from the ground where he stood, caught up by a vehement whirlwind,
He too was hurried away; and the blast with lightning and thunder
Vollying aright and aleft amid the accumulate blackness,
Scatter'd its inmates accurst, and beyond the limits of ether
Drove the hircine host obscene; they howling and groaning
Fell precipitate down to their dolorous place of endurance."
— *Southey.*]

[3] ["The roll of the thunder
Ceased, and all sounds were hush'd, till again from the gate adamantine
Was the voice of the Angel heard through the silence of Heaven.

LXXXV.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
"What 's this?" cried Michael; "why, 't is not a ghost?"
"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

Ho! he exclaimed, King George of England standeth in judgement!
Hell hath been dumb in his presence. Ye who on earth arraign'd him
Come ye before him now, and here accuse or absolve him!
. . . . From the Souls of the Blessed,
Some were there then who advanced; and more from the skirts of the meeting,
Spirits who had not yet accomplishd their purification,
Yet being cleansed from pride, from faction and error deliver'd,
Purged of the film wherewith the eye of the mind is clouded,
They in their better state saw all things clear . . . . .
One alone remain'd, when the rest had retired to their station:
Silently he had stood, and still unmoved and in silence,
With a steady mien, regarded the face of the Monarch.
Thoughtful awhile he gazed: —
'Here then at the Gate of Heaven we are met!' said the Spirit;
'King of England! albeit in life opposed to each other,
Here we meet at last. Not unprepared for the meeting
Ween I; for we had both outlived all enmity, rendering
Each to each that justice which each from each had withholden.
In the course of events, to thee I seem'd as a Rebel,
Thou a Tyrant to me; — so strongly doth circumstance rule men
'during evil days, when right and wrong are confounded!

LXXXVI.

" Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd
My left wing, he 's so heavy; one would think
Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.
But to the point; while hovering o'er the brink
Of Skiddaw [1] (where as usual it still rain'd),
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel —
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII.

" The former is the devil's scripture, and
The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
Belongs to all of us, you understand.
I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,
And brought him off for sentence out of hand:
I 've scarcely been ten minutes in the air —
At least a quarter it can hardly be:
I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

LXXXVIII.

Here Satan said, " I know this man of old,
And have expected him for some time here;

Washington!' said the Monarch, 'well hast thou spoken, and truly.
Just to thyself and to me. On them is the guilt of the contest
Who, for wicked ends, with foul arts of faction and falsehood,
Kindled and fed the flame: but verily they have their guerdon.
Thou and I are free from offence.'—
When that Spirit withdrew, the Monarch around the assembly
Look'd, but none else came forth," &c. — *Southey*.]

[1] [Mr. Southey's residence is on the shore of Derwentwater, near the mountain Skiddaw.]

A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
  Or more conceited in his petty sphere:
But surely it was not worth while to fold
  Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear:
We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX.

"But since he 's here, let 's see what he has done."
  "Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates
The very business you are now upon,
  And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.
Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
  When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?"
"Let 's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has to say:
You know we 're bound to that in every way."

XC.

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which
  By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
  His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach
  Of poets when the tide of rhyme 's in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd
  Into recitative, in great dismay
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
  To murmur loudly through their long array;
And Michael rose ere he could get a word
  Of all his founder'd verses under way,

And cried, " For God's sake stop, my friend! 't were best —
Non Di, non homines — you know the rest." [1]

XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;
The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service; and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
Before, to profit by a new occasion:
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, " What! what! [2]
Pye [3] come again? No more — no more of that!"

[1] [Mediocribus esse poetis
Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ.—*Horace.*]

[2] [The king's trick of repeating his words in this way was a fertile source of ridicule to Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot); for example —

" The conquering monarch stopping to take breath
Amidst the regiments of death,
Now turn'd to Whitbread with complacence round,
And, merry, thus address'd the man of beer: —
' Whitbread, is 't true? I hear, I hear
You 're of an ancient family — renown'd —
What? What? I'm told that you 're a limb
Of Pym, the famous fellow Pym:
What, Whitbread, is it true what people say?
Son of a roundhead are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?
Thirtieth of January don't you feed?
Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head!"]

[3] [Henry James Pye, the predecessor of Mr. Southey in the poet-laureateship, died in 1813. He was the author of many works, besides his official Odes, among others " Alfred," an epic poem — all of which have been long since defunct. Pye was a man of good family in Berkshire, sat some time in parliament, and was eminently respectable in every thing but his poetry.]

XCIII.

The tumult grew; an universal cough
Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
When Castlereagh has been up long enough
(Before he was first minister of state,
I mean — the *slaves hear now*); some cried "Off, off!"
As at a farce; till, grown quite desperate,
The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;
A good deal like a vulture in the face,
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace
To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
Was by no means so ugly as his case;
But that, indeed, was hopeless as can be,
Quite a poetic felony "*de se*."

XCV.

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the noise
With one still greater, as is yet the mode
On earth besides; except some grumbling voice,
Which now and then will make a slight inroad
Upon decorous silence, few will twice
Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;
And now the bard could plead his own bad cause,
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

XCVI.

He said — (I only give the heads) — he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling; 't was his way
Upon all topics; 't was, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides; 't would delay

ong the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
d take up rather more time than a day,
me his works — he would but cite a few —
t Tyler" — "Rhymes on Blenheim" — "Waterloo."

XCVII.

ıd written praises of a regicide;
had written praises of all kings whatever;
ıd written for republics far and wide,
d then against them bitterer than ever;
antisocracy he once had cried
ıud, a scheme less moral than 't was clever;
grew a hearty anti-jacobin —
ırn'd his coat — and would have turn'd his skin.

XCVIII.

ıd sung against all battles, and again
their high praise and glory; he had call'd
wing[1] "the ungentle craft," and then
ame as base a critic as e'er crawl'd —
paid, and pamper'd by the very men
whom his muse and morals had been maul'd:
ıd written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
more of both than any body knows.[2]

XCIX.

ıd written Wesley's life: — here turning round
Satan, "Sir, I 'm ready to write yours,

ı "Life of Henry Kirk White."

his sarcasm about Southey's professional
bad grace from a writer who, for several
bit of receiving several thousand pounds
received in Verse and Prose, from the
f Albemarle Street. — *Blackwood*, 182

In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
With notes and preface, all that most allures
The pious purchaser; and there 's no ground
For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers:
So let me have the proper documents,
That I may add you to my other saints."

C.

Satan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you,
With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael? There are few
Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
As it was once, but I would make you shine
Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

CI.

"But talking about trumpets, here 's my Vision!
Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
Judge with my judgment, and by my decision
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.[1]

[1] ["Lift up your heads, ye Gates; and ye everlasting Portals,
Be ye lift up! For lo! a glorified Monarch approacheth;
One who in righteousness reign'd, and religiously govern'd his people.
Who are these that await him within?—Nassau, the Deliverer,
Him I knew . . . Thou, too, O matchless Eliza,
Excellent Queen, wert there! and thy brother's beautiful spirit.
There too was he of the sable mail, the hero of Cressy.
Lion-hearted Richard was there, redoubtable warrior.
. . . . . I saw the spirit of Alfred—
Alfred than *whom* no prince with loftier intellect gifted,
. . . Bede I beheld, who, humble and holy,
Shone like a single star, serene in a night of darkness.
Bacon also was there, the marvellous Friar;

I settle all these things by intuition,
Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,
Like King Alfonso.[1] When I thus see double,
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
He read the first three lines of the contents;
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang."[2]

Thee, too, Father Chaucer! I saw, and delighted to see thee —
And Shakspeare, who in our hearts for himself hath erected an empire.
. . . . . A train, whom nearer duty attracted,
Through the Gate of Bliss came forth to welcome their Sovereign.
Many were they, and glorious all. Conspicuous among them
Wolfe was seen; and the Seaman who fell on the shores of Owhyhee.*
And the mighty Musician of Germany †, ours by adoption,
Who beheld in the King his munificent pupil and patron —
There, too, Wesley I saw and knew — And Burke I beheld there.
Here, where wrongs are forgiven, was the injured Hastings beside him;
There was our late-lost Queen, the nation's example of virtue,"
&c. &c. &c. — *Southey.*]

[1] Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolomean system, said that, "had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities."

[2] See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared, "with a curious perfume, and a *most melodious twang*;" or see the "*Antiquary*," vol. i. p. 225.— [As the vision shut his volume a strain of *delightful music* seemed to fill the apartment."— "Th usual time," says Grose, "at which ghosts make their appearanc

* Cook.

† Handel.

CIII.

Those grand heroics acted as a spell;
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions;
The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell;
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions —
(For 't is not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his opinions);
Michael took refuge in his trump — but, lo!
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!

CIV.

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down; [1]
Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,

---

is midnight, and seldom before it is dark; though some audacious spirits have been said to appear even by day-light; but of this there are few instances, and those mostly ghosts who had been laid, and whose terms of confinement were expired. I cannot learn that ghosts carry tapers in their hands, as they are sometimes depicted. Dragging chains is not the fashion of English ghosts: chains and black vestments being chiefly the accoutrements of foreign spectres seen in arbitrary governments: dead or alive, English spirits are free. During the narration of its business, a ghost must by no means be interrupted by questions of any kind: its narration being completed, it vanishes away, frequently in a flash of light; in which case, some ghosts have been so considerate as to desire the party to whom they appeared to shut their eyes: — sometimes its departure is attended with *most delightful music.*"]

[1] ["When I beheld them meet, the desire of my soul o'ercame me;
And when with harp and voice the loud hosannahs of welcome
Fill'd the rejoicing sky, as the happy company enter'd
Through the Everlasting Gates, I, too, press'd forward to enter —
But the weight of the body withheld me. — I stoop'd to the fountain,

Into his lake, for there he did not drown;
A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er
Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV.

He first sank to the bottom — like his works,
But soon rose to the surface — like himself;
For all corrupted things are buoy'd like corks,[1]
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or "Vision,"[2]
As Welborn says — "the devil turn'd precisian."

Eager to drink thereof, and to put away all that was earthly.
Darkness came over me then at the chilling touch of the water,
And my feet methought sunk, and I fell precipitate. Starting,
Then I awoke, and beheld the mountains in twilight before me,
Dark and distinct; and, instead of the rapturous sound of hosannahs,
Heard the bell from the tower, TOLL! TOLL! through the silence of evening."— *Southey.*]

[1] A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten; it then floats, as most people know.

[2] [Southey's Vision of Judgment appears to us to be an misjudged, and not a well executed work. It certainly has added nothing to the reputation of its author in any respect. The nobleness of his motive does not atone for the indiscretion of putting it into so reprehensible a form. Milton's example will, perhaps, be pleaded in his vindication; but Milton alone has ever founded a fiction on the basis of revelation, without degrading his subject. He alone has succeeded in carrying his readers into the spiritual world. No other attempt of the kind has ever appeared that can be read without a constant feeling of something like burlesque, and a wish that the Tartarus and Elysium of the idolatrous Greeks should still be the hell and the heaven of poetry. A smile at the puerilities, and a laugh at the absurdity of the poet, might then be enjoyed by the reader, without an apprehension that he was guilty

CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
And show'd me what I in my turn have shown;
All I saw farther, in the last confusion,
Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven for one;
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.[1]

---

of profanity in giving it. Milton has been blamed by the most judicious critics, and his warmest admirers, for expressing the counsels of Eternal Wisdom, and the decrees of Almighty Power, by words assigned to the Deity. It offends against poetical propriety and poetical probability. It is impossible to deceive ourselves into a momentary and poetical belief that words proceeded from the Holy Spirit, except on the warrant of inspiration itself. It is here only that Milton fails, and here Milton sometimes shocks. The language and conduct ascribed by Milton to his inferior spirits, accord so well with our conceptions and belief respecting their nature and existence, that in many places we forget that they are, in any respect, the creatures of imagination. The blasphemies of Milton's devils offend not a pious ear, because they are devils who utter them. Nor are we displeased with the poet's presumption in feigning language for heavenly spirits, because it is a language that lifts the soul to heaven; and we more than believe, we know and feel, that, whatever may be the nature of the language of angels, the language of the poet truly interprets their sentiments. The words are human; but the truths they express, and the doctrines they teach, are divine. Nothing of the same kind can be said of *any* other fable, serious or ludicrous, pious or profane, that has yet been written in any age or language. — *Blackwood*, 1822.]

[1] [The "Vision of Judgment" appeared, as has been already said, in the "Liberal"— a Journal which, consisting chiefly of pieces by the late Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Leigh Hunt, was not saved from ruin by a few contributions, some of the highest merit, by Lord Byron. In his work entitled "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries," Mr. Hunt assaulted the dead poet, with reference to this unhappy Journal: and his charges were thus taken to pieces at the *time* in the Quarterly Review: —

"Mr. Hunt describes himself as pressed by Lord Byron into the undertaking of that hapless magazine: Lord Byron, on the contrary, represents himself as urged to the service by the Messrs. Hunt themselves." *e. g.*

"'Genoa, Oct. 9th, 1822. — I am afraid the Journal *is* a bad business, and won't do; but in it I am sacrificing myself for others. *I* can have no advantage in it. I believe the *brothers Hunts* to be honest men; I am sure that they are poor ones; they have not a Nap. They *pressed me to engage in this work, and in an evil hour I consented: still I shall not repent if I can do them the least service.* I have done all I can for Leigh Hunt since he came here, but it is almost useless: his wife is ill; his six children not very tractable; and in affairs of this world he himself is a perfect child. The death of Shelley left them totally aground; and I could not see them in such a state without using the common feelings of humanity, and what means were in my power to set them afloat again.'

"Again — Mr. Hunt represents Lord Byron as dropping his connection with 'The Liberal,' partly because his friends at home (Messrs. Moore, Hobhouse, Murray, &c.) told him it was a discreditable one, and partly because the business did not turn out lucrative.

"'It is a mistake to suppose, that he was not mainly influenced by the expectation of profit. He expected very large returns from The Liberal. Readers in these days need not be told that periodical works which have a large sale are a mine of wealth; Lord Byron had calculated that matter well.'— *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries*, p. 50.

"'The failure of the large profits —the non-appearance of the golden visions he had looked for, of the Edinburgh or Quarterly returns — of the solid and splendid proofs of this new country, which she should conquer in the regions of notoriety, to the dazzling of all men's eyes and his own — this it was — this was the bitter disappointment which made him determine to give way.'— *Ibid.* p. 51.

"Now let us hear Lord Byron himself: —

"'Genoa, 9bre 18th, 1822. — They will, of course, attribute motives of all kinds; but I shall not abandon a man like Hunt because he is unfortunate. Why, I could have no *pecuniary* motives, and, least of all, in connection with Hunt.'

"'Genoa, 10bre 25th, 1822. — Now do you see what you and your friends do by your injudicious rudeness? actually cement a sort of connection which you strove to prevent, and which, had the Hunts *prospered*, would not, in all probability, have continued. As it is,

I will not quit them in their adversity, though it should cost me character, fame, money, and the usual et cetera. My original motives I already explained (in the letter which you thought proper to show); they are the *true* ones, and I abide by them, as I tell you, and I told Leigh Hunt, when he questioned me on the subject of that letter. He was violently hurt, and never will forgive me at the bottom; but I cannot help that. I never meant to make a parade of it; but if he chose to question me, I could only answer the plain truth; and I confess, I did not see any thing in the letter to hurt him, unless I said he was 'a *bore*,' which I don't remember. Had this Journal gone on well, and I could have aided to make it better for them, I should then have left them after a safe pilotage off a lee shore to make a prosperous voyage by themselves. As it is, I can't, and would not if I could, leave them among the breakers. As to any community of feeling, thought, or opinion, between Leigh Hunt and me, there is little or none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think him a good-principled and able man, and must do as I would be done by. I do not know what world he has lived in; but I have lived in three or four, but none of them like his Keats-and-Kangaroo terra incognita. Alas! poor Shelley! how we would have laughed had he lived! and how we used to laugh now and then at various things which are grave in the suburbs.'"

The Reviewer proceeds to comment on Mr. Hunt's general abuse of Lord Byron's manners, habits, and conversation, in these terms:—

"The witness is, in our opinion, disqualified to give evidence upon any such subjects: his book proves him to be equally ignorant of what manners are, and incompetent to judge what manners ought to be: his elaborate portraiture of his own habits is from beginning to end a very caricature of absurdity; and the man who wrote this book, studiously cast, as the whole language of it is, in a free-and-easy, conversational tone, has no more right to decide about the conversation of such a man us Lord Byron, than has a pert apprentice to pronounce *ex cathedra* — from his one shilling gallery, to wit — on the dialogue of a polite comedy. We can easily believe, that Lord Byron never talked his best when this was his *Companion*. We can also believe that Lord Byron's serious conversation, even in its lowest tone, was often unintelligible to Mr. Leigh Hunt. We are morally certain, that in such company Lord Byron talked, very often indeed, for the mere purpose of amusing himself at the expense of his ignorant, fantastic, lack-a-daisical guest; that he considered the Magnus Apollo of Paradise Row as a precious butt, and acted accordingly. We therefore consider Mr. Hunt's evidence as absolutely inadmissible, on strong *preliminary* grounds. But, what are we to say to it, when we find it, as we do, totally and diametrically at variance both with the substance and complexion of Lord Byron's epistolary correspond-

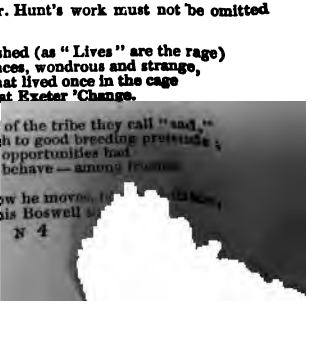
nce, and with the oral testimonies of men whose talents, originlly superior beyond all possibility of measurement to Mr. Hunt's, nave been matured and perfected by study, both of books and men, nuch as Mr. Hunt never even dreamed of; who had the advantage of meeting Lord Byron on terms of perfect equality to all intents and purposes, and who, qualified, as they probably were, above any of their contemporaries, to appreciate Lord Byron, whether as a poet, or as a man of high rank and pre-eminent fame, mingling in the world in society such as he ought never to have sunk below, all with one voice pronounce an opinion exactly and in every particular, as well as looking to things broadly and to the general effect, the reverse of that which this unworthy and ungrateful dependant has thought himself justified in promulgating, on the plea of a penury which no Lord Byron survives to relieve? It is too bad, that he who has, in his own personal conduct, as well as in his writings, so much to answer for — who abused great opportunities and great talents so lamentably — who sinned so deeply, both against the society to which he belonged and the literature in which his name will ever hold a splendid place — it is really too bad, that Lord Byron, in addition to the grave condemnation of men able to appreciate both his merits and his demerits, and well disposed to think more in sorrow than in anger of the worst errors that existed along with so much that was excellent and noble — it is by much too bad that this great man's glorious though melancholy memory

> 'Must also bear the vile attacks
> Of ragged curs and vulgar hacks'

whom he fed; — that his bones must be scraped up from their bed of repose to be at once grinned and howled over by creatures who, even in the least hyena-like of their moods, can touch nothing that mankind would wish to respect without polluting it."

Mr. Moore's Verses on Mr. Hunt's work must not be omitted here.

> Next week will be published (as "Lives" are the rage)
> The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange,
> Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage
> Of the late noble lion at Exeter 'Change.
>
> Though the dog is a dog of the tribe they call "and,"
> 'T is a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;
> And few dogs have such opportunities had
> Of knowing how lions behave — among friends.
>
> How that animal eats, how he moves, [illegible]
> Is all noted down by this Boswell [illegible]



And 't is plain from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
That the lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well — this the puppy allows —
It was all, he says, borrowed — all second-hand roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour.

'T is, indeed, as good fun as a Cynic could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits
Takes gravely the lord of the forest to task,
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)
With sops every day from the lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,
And — does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book 's a good book, being rich in
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen,
Who 'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.

THE

AGE OF BRONZE;

OR,

CARMEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS. [1]

"Impar *Congressus* Achilli."

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[1] [This poem was written by Lord Byron at Genoa, in the early part of the year 1823; and published in London by Mr. John Hunt. Its authenticity was much disputed at the time.]

THE

AGE OF BRONZE.

I.

THE "good old times" — all times when old are good —
Are gone; the present might be if they would;
Great things have been, and are, and greater still
Want little of mere mortals but their will:
A wider space, a greener field, is given
To those who play their "tricks before high heaven."
I know not if the angels weep, but men
Have wept enough — for what? — to weep again!

II.

All is exploded — be it good or bad.
Reader! remember when thou wert a lad,
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
His very rival almost deem'd him such.[1]
We, we have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face —

[1] [Mr. Fox used to say — "*I* never want *a* word, but Pitt never wants *the* word."]

Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between, which flow'd all free,
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
But where are they — the rivals! a few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet.[1]
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,
Which hushes all! a calm, unstormy wave,
Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old
Of "dust to dust;" but half its tale untold:
Time tempers not its terrors — still the worm
Winds its cold folds, the tomb preserves its form,
Varied above, but still alike below;
The urn may shine, the ashes will not glow,
Though Cleopatra's mummy cross the sea
O'er which from empire she lured Anthony;
Though Alexander's urn a show be grown
On shores he wept to conquer, though unknown
How vain, how worse than vain, at length appea
The madman's wish, the Macedonian's tear!
He wept for worlds to conquer — half the earth
Knows not his name, or but his death, and birth
And desolation; while his native Greece
Hath all of desolation, save its peace.

[1] [The grave of Mr. Fox, in Westminster Abbey, is eighteen inches of that of Mr. Pitt, —

"Where — taming thought to human pride! —
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier:
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry —
'Here let their discord with them die;
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb;
But, search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again?'"

SIR WALTER

He " wept for worlds to conquer !" he who ne'er
Conceived the globe, he panted not to spare !
With even the busy Northern Isle unknown,
Which holds his urn, and never knew his throne.[1]

III.

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car ;
The new Sesostris, whose unharness'd kings,[2]
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
And spurn the dust o'er which they crawl'd of late,
Chain'd to the chariot of the chieftain's state ?
Yes ! where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that 's great or little, wise or wild ;
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were
thrones ;
Whose table earth — whose dice were human bones ?
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,[3]
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage ;
Smile to survey the queller of the nations
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations ;
Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,
O'er curtail'd dishes and o'er stinted wines ;

[1] [A sarcophagus, of breccia, supposed to have contained the dust of Alexander, which came into the possession of the English army, in consequence of the capitulation of Alexandria, in February, 1802, was presented by George III. to the British Museum.

[2] [Sesostris is said, by Diodorus, to have had his chariot drawn by eight vanquished sovereigns : —

" High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptre'd slaves in golden harness drew ;
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold,
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold."

POPE, *Temple of Fame.*]

[3] [St. Helena.]

O'er petty quarrels upon petty things.
Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?
Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,
A surgeon's [1] statement, and an earl's [2] harangues!
A bust delay'd, [3] a book refused, can shake
The sleep of him who kept the world awake.
Is this indeed the tamer of the great,
Now slave of all could tease or irritate —
The paltry gaoler [4] and the prying spy,
The staring stranger with his note-book nigh? [5]
Plunged in a dungeon, he had still been great;
How low, how little was this middle state,
Between a prison and a palace, where
How few could feel for what he had to bear!
Vain his complaint, — my lord presents his bill,
His food and wine were doled out duly still;
Vain was his sickness, never was a clime
So free from homicide — to doubt 's a crime;
And the stiff surgeon, who maintain'd his cause,
Hath lost his place, and gain'd the world's applause. [6]

[1] [Mr. Barry O'Meara.]
[2] [Earl Bathurst.]
[3] [The bust of his son.]
[4] [Sir Hudson Lowe.]
[5] [Captain Basil Hall's interesting account of his interview with the ex-emperor occurs in his "Voyage to Loo-choo."]
[6] [The circumstances under which Mr. O'Meara's dismissal from his Majesty's service took place will suffice to show how little "the stiff surgeon" merited the applause of Lord Byron. In a letter to the Admiralty Board by Mr. O'M., dated Oct. 28. 1816, there occurred the following paragraph: — "In the third interview which Sir Hudson Lowe had with Napoleon Buonaparte, in May, 1816, he proposed to the latter to send me away, and to replace me by Mr. Baxter, who had been several years surgeon in the Corsican Rangers. Failing in this attempt, he adopted the resolution of manifesting great confidence in me, by loading me with civilities, inviting me constantly to dine with him, conversing for hours together with me alone, both in his own house and grounds, and at Longwood, either in my own room, or under the trees and elsewhere. On some of these occasions he made to me observations *upon the* benefit which would result to Europe from the death of

But smile— though all the pangs of brain and heart
Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art;
Though, save the few fond friends and imaged face
Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,
None stand by his low bed — though even the mind
Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind:
Smile — for the fetter'd eagle breaks his chain,
And higher worlds than this are his again.[1]

IV.

How, if that soaring spirit still retain
A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,
How must he smile, on looking down, to see
The little that he was and sought to be!
What though his name a wider empire found
Than his ambition, though with scarce a bound;

Napoleon Buonaparte; of which event he spoke in a manner which, considering his situation and mine, was peculiarly distressing to me." — The Secretary to the Admiralty was instructed to answer in these terms: — "It is impossible to doubt the meaning which this passage was intended to convey; and my Lords can as little doubt that the insinuation is a calumnious falsehood: but if it were true, and if so horrible a suggestion were made to you, directly or indirectly, it was your bounden duty not to have lost a moment in communicating it to the Admiral on the spot, or to the Secretary of State, or to their Lordships. An overture so monstrous in itself, and so deeply involving, not merely the personal character of the governor, but the honour of the nation, and the important interest committed to his charge, should not have been reserved in your own breast for two years, to be produced at last, not (as it would appear) from a sense of public duty, but in furtherance of your own personal hostility against the governor. — Either the charge is in the last degree false and calumnious, or you can have no possible excuse for having hitherto suppressed it. In either case, and without adverting to the general tenour of your conduct, as stated in your letter, my Lords consider you to be an improper person to continue in his Majesty's service; and they have directed your name to be erased from the list of naval surgeons accordingly." O'Meara died in 1836.

[1 Buonaparte died the 5th of May, 1821.]

Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,
He tasted empire's blessings and its curse;
Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape
From chains, would gladly be *their* tyrant's ape;
How must he smile, and turn to yon lone grave,
The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave!
What though his gaoler, duteous to the last,
Scarce deem'd the coffin's lead could keep him fast,
Refusing one poor line along the lid,
To date the birth and death of all it hid;
That name shall hallow the ignoble shore,
A talisman to all save him who bore:
The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast
Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast;
When Victory's Gallic column shall but rise,
Like Pompey's pillar, in a desert's skies,
The rocky isle that holds or held his dust
Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust,
And mighty nature o'er his obsequies
Do more than niggard envy still denies.
But what are these to him? Can glory's lust
Touch the freed spirit or the fetter'd dust?
Small care hath he of what his tomb consists;
Nought if he sleeps — nor more if he exists:
Alike the better-seeing shade will smile
On the rude cavern of the rocky isle,
As if his ashes found their latest home
In Rome's Pantheon or Gaul's mimic dome.
He wants not this; but France shall feel the
Of this last consolation, though so scant;
Her honour, fame, and faith demand his bone
To rear above a pyramid of thrones;
Or carried onward in the battle's van,
To form, like Guesclin's [1] dust, her talisman

[1] *[Guesclin, constable of France, died in the mid*

But be it as it is — the time may come
His name shall beat the alarm, like Ziska's drum.[1]

v.

Oh heaven! of which he was in power a feature;
Oh earth! of which he was a noble creature;
Thou isle! to be remember'd long and well,
That saw'st the unfledg'd eaglet chip his shell!
Ye Alps, which view'd him in his dawning flights
Hover, the victor of a hundred fights!
Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Cæsar's deeds outdone!
Alas! why pass'd he too the Rubicon —
The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,
To herd with vulgar kings and parasites?
Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,
And shook within their pyramids to hear
A new Cambyses thundering in their ear;
While the dark shades of forty ages stood
Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood;[2]
Or from the pyramid's tall pinnacle
Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,
With clashing hosts, who strew'd the barren sand,
To re-manure the uncultivated land!

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umphs before Châteauneuf de Randon, in 1380. The English garrison, which had conditioned to surrender at a certain time, marched out the day after his death; and the commander respectfully laid the keys of the fortress on the bier, so that it might appear to have surrendered to his ashes.]

[1] [John Ziska — a distinguished leader of the Hussites. It is recorded of him, that in dying, he ordered his skin to be made the covering of a drum. The Bohemians hold his memory in superstitious veneration.]

[2] [At the battle of the pyramids, in July, 1798, Buonaparte said, — "Soldiers! from the summit of yonder pyramids forty ages behold you."]

Spain! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,
Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid!
Austria! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital
Twice spared to be the traitress of his fall!
Ye race of Frederic! — Fredericks but in name
And falsehood —heirs to all except his fame;
Who, crush'd at Jena, crouch'd at Berlin, fell
First, and but rose to follow! Ye who dwell
Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet
The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody debt!
Poland! o'er which the avenging angel past,
But left thee as he found thee, still a waste,
Forgetting all thy still enduring claim,
Thy lotted people and extinguish'd name,
Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing tear,
That sound that crashes in the tyrant's ear —
Kosciusko! On — on — on — the thirst of war
Gasps for the gore of serfs and of their czar.
The half barbaric Moscow's minarets
Gleam in the sun, but 't is a sun that sets!
Moscow! thou limit of his long career,
For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear
To see in vain — *he* saw thee — how? with spire
And palace fuel to one common fire.
To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
The prince his hall — and Moscow was no more!
Sublimest of volcanos! Etna's flame
Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla 's tame;
Vesuvius shows his blaze, an usual sight
For gaping tourists, from his hackney'd height;
Thou stand'st alone unrivall'd, till the fire
To come, in which all empires shall expire!

Thou other element! as strong and stern,
To teach a lesson conquerors will not learn! —
Whose icy wing flapp'd o'er the faltering foe,
Till fell a hero with each flake of snow;
How did thy numbing beak and silent fang,
Pierce, till hosts perish'd with a single pang!
In vain shall Seine look up along his banks
For the gay thousands of his dashing ranks!
In vain shall France recall beneath her vines
Her youth — their blood flows faster than her wines;
Or stagnant in their human ice remains
In frozen mummies on the Polar plains.
In vain will Italy's broad sun awaken
Her offspring chill'd; its beams are now forsaken.
Of all the trophies gather'd from the war,
What shall return? — the conqueror's broken car!
The conqueror's yet unbroken heart! Again
The horn of Roland sounds, and not in vain.
Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victory,[1]
Beholds him conquer, but, alas! not die:
Dresden surveys three despots fly once more
Before their sovereign, — sovereign as before;
But there exhausted Fortune quits the field,
And Leipsic's treason bids the unvanquish'd yield;
The Saxon jackal leaves the lion's side
To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox's guide;
And backward to the den of his despair
The forest monarch shrinks, but finds no lair!

Oh ye! and each, and all! Oh France! who found
Thy long fair fields plough'd up as hostile ground,
Disputed foot by foot, till treason, still
His only victor, from Montmartre's hill

[1] [Gustavus Adolphus fell at the great battle of Lutzen, in November, 1632.]

Look'd down o'er trampled Paris! and thou Isle,[1]
Which seest Etruria from thy ramparts smile,
Thou momentary shelter of his pride,
Till woo'd by danger, his yet weeping bride!
Oh, France! retaken by a single march,
Whose path was through one long triumphal arch!
Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo!
Which proves how fools may have their fortune too,
Won half by blunder, half by treachery:
Oh, dull Saint Helen! with thy gaoler nigh —
Hear! hear Prometheus[2] from his rock appeal
To earth, air, ocean, all that felt or feel
His power and glory, all who yet shall hear
A name eternal as the rolling year;
He teaches them the lesson taught so long,
So oft, so vainly — learn to do no wrong!
A single step into the right had made
This man the Washington of worlds betray'd:
A single step into the wrong has given
His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven;

[1] [The Isle of Elba.]

[2] I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus in Æschylus, when he is left alone by his attendants, and before the arrival of the chorus of Sea-nymphs.

["Ethereal air, and ye swift-winged winds,
Ye rivers springing from fresh founts, ye waves,
That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath
Your crisped smiles, thou all-producing earth,
And thee, bright sun, I call, whose flaming orb
Views the wide world beneath, see what, a god,
I suffer from the gods; with what fierce pains,
Behold, what tortures for revolving ages
I here must struggle; such unseemly chains
This new-raised ruler of the gods devised.
Ah me! That groan bursts from my anguish'd heart,
My present woes and future to bemoan. —
For favours shown
To mortal man I bear this weight of woe!"
POTTER'S [illegible]

The reed of Fortune, and of thrones the rod,
Of Fame the Moloch or the demigod;
His country's Cæsar, Europe's Hannibal,
Without their decent dignity of fall.
Yet Vanity herself had better taught
A surer path even to the fame he sought,
By pointing out on history's fruitless page
Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage.
While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven,
Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth; [1]
While Washington's a watchword, such as ne'er
Shall sink while there 's an echo left to air: [2]
While even the Spaniard's thirst of gold and war
Forgets Pizarro to shout Bolivar! [3]
Alas! why must the same Atlantic wave
Which wafted freedom gird a tyrant's grave —
The king of kings, and yet of slaves the slave,
Who burst the chains of millions to renew
The very fetters which his arm broke through,
And crush'd the rights of Europe and his own,
To flit between a dungeon and a throne?

VI.

But 't will not be — the spark 's awaken'd — lo!
The swarthy Spaniard feels his former glow;

[1] [The well-known motto on a French medal of Franklin was — "Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."]

[2] ["To be the first man (*not* the Dictator), not the Sylla, but the Washington, or Aristides, the leader in talent and truth, is to be next to the Divinity."— *Byron Diary.*]

[3] [Simon Bolivar, the liberator of Colombia and Peru, died at San Pedro, December, 1830, of an illness brought on by excessive fatigue and exertion.]

The same high spirit which beat back the Moor
Through eight long ages of alternate gore
Revives — and where? in that avenging clime
Where Spain was once synonymous with crime,
Where Cortes' and Pizarro's banner flew,
The infant world redeems her name of "*New.*"
'T is the *old* aspiration breathed afresh,
To kindle souls within degraded flesh,
Such as repulsed the Persian from the shore
Where Greece *was* — No! she still is Greece once more.
One common cause makes myriads of one breast,
Slaves of the East, or helots of the West:
On Andes' and on Athos' peaks unfurl'd,
The self-same standard streams o'er either world:
The Athenian wears again Harmodius' sword;[1]
The Chili chief abjures his foreign lord;
The Spartan knows himself once more a Greek,
Young Freedom plumes the crest of each cacique;
Debating despots, hemm'd on either shore,
Shrink vainly from the roused Atlantic's roar;
Through Calpe's strait the rolling tides advance,
Sweep slightly by the half-tamed land of France,
Dash o'er the old Spaniard's cradle, and would fain
Unite Ausonia to the mighty main:
But driven from thence awhile, yet not for aye,
Break o'er th' Ægean, mindful of the day
Of Salamis! — there, there the waves arise,
Not to be lull'd by tyrant victories.

[1] [The famous hymn, ascribed to Callistratus: —

"Cover'd with myrtle-wreaths, I 'll wear my sword
Like brave Harmodius, and his patriot friend
Aristogeiton, who the laws restored,
The tyrant slew, and bade oppression end," &c. &c.

Lone, lost, abandon'd in their utmost need
By Christians, unto whom they gave their creed,
The desolated lands, the ravaged isle,
The foster'd feud encouraged to beguile,
The aid evaded, and the cold delay,
Prolong'd but in the hope to make a prey; —[1]
These, these shall tell the tale, and Greece can show
The false friend worse than the infuriate foe.
But this is well: Greeks only should free Greece,
Not the barbarian, with his mask of peace.
How should the autocrat of bondage be
The king of serfs, and set the nations free?
Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,
Than swell the Cossaque's prowling caravan;
Better still toil for masters, than await,
The slave of slaves, before a Russian gate, —
Number'd by hordes, a human capital,
A live estate, existing but for thrall,
Lotted by thousands, as a meet reward
For the first courtier in the Czar's regard;
While their immediate owner never tastes
His sleep, *sans* dreaming of Siberia's wastes.
Better succumb even to their own despair,
And drive the camel than purvey the bear.

VII.

But not alone within the hoariest clime
Where Freedom dates her birth with that of Time,
And not alone where, plunged in night, a crowd
Of Incas darken to a dubious cloud,
The dawn revives: renown'd, romantic Spain
Holds back the invader from her soil again.

[1] [For the first authentic account of the Russian intrigues in Greece, in the years alluded to see Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution," (1832), vol. i.]

Not now the Roman tribe nor Punic horde
Demand her fields as lists to prove the sword;
Not now the Vandal or the Visigoth
Pollute the plains, alike abhorring both;
Nor old Pelayo on his mountain rears
The warlike fathers of a thousand years.
That seed is sown and reap'd, as oft the Moor
Sighs to remember on his dusky shore.
Long in the peasant's song or poet's page
Has dwelt the memory of Abencerrage;
The Zegri, and the captive victors, flung
Back to the barbarous realm from whence they sp
But these are gone — their faith, their swords,
sway,
Yet left more anti-christian foes than they:
The bigot monarch and the butcher priest,
The Inquisition, with her burning feast,
The faith's red "auto," fed with human fuel,
While sate the catholic Moloch, calmly cruel,
Enjoying, with inexorable eye,
That fiery festival of agony!
The stern or feeble sovereign, one or both
By turns; the haughtiness whose pride was slotl
The long degenerate noble; the debased
Hidalgo, and the peasant less disgraced,
But more degraded; the unpeopled realm;
The once proud navy which forgot the helm;
The once impervious phalanx disarray'd;
The idle forge that form'd Toledo's blade;
The foreign wealth that flow'd on ev'ry shore,
Save hers who earn'd it with the natives' gore;
The very language which might vie with Rome'
And once was known to nations like their home
Neglected or forgotten: — such was Spain;
But such she is not, nor shall be again.

These worst, these *home* invaders, felt and feel
The new Numantine soul of old Castile,
Up! up again! undaunted Tauridor!
The bull of Phalaris renews his roar;
Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo! not in vain
Revive the cry — "Iago! and close Spain!"[1]
Yes, close her with your armed bosoms round,
And form the barrier which Napoleon found, —
The exterminating war, the desert plain,
The streets without a tenant, save the slain;
The wild sierra, with its wilder troop
Of vulture-plumed guerrillas, on the stoop
For their incessant prey; the desperate wall
Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall;
The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
Waving her more than Amazonian blade;[2]
The knife of Arragon,[3] Toledo's steel;
The famous lance of chivalrous Castile;
The unerring rifle of the Catalan;
The Andalusian courser in the van;
The torch to make a Moscow of Madrid;
And in each heart the spirit of the Cid: —
Such have been, such shall be, such are. Advance,
And win — not Spain! but thine own freedom, France!

VIII.

But lo! a Congress![4] What! that hallow'd name
Which freed the Atlantic? May we hope the same

1 ["Santiago y serra España!" the old Spanish war-cry.]

2 See Childe Harold, c. I. s. LIV.]

3 The Arragonians are peculiarly dexterous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in former French wars.

4 [The Congress of the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, Prussia, &c. &c. &c., which assembled at Verona, in the autumn of 1822.]

For outworn Europe? With the sound arise,
Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic eyes,
The prophets of young Freedom, summon'd far
From climes of Washington and Bolivar;
Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas;[1]
And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
Robed in the lightnings which his hand allay'd;
And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.
But *who* compose this senate of the few
That should redeem the many? *Who* renew
This consecrated name, till now assign'd
To councils held to benefit mankind?
Who now assemble at the holy call?
The blest Alliance, which says three are all!
An earthly trinity! which wears the shape
Of heaven's, as man is mimick'd by the ape.
A pious unity! in purpose one —
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.
Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;
Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
Cared little, so that they were duly fed;
But these, more hungry, must have something more —
The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
Ah, how much happier were good Æsop's frogs
Than we! for ours are animated logs,

[1] [Patrick Henry, of Virginia, a leading member of the American Congress, died in June, 1797. Lord Byron alludes to his famous speech in 1765, in which, on saying, "Cæsar had his Brutus — Charles the First had his Cromwell — and George the Third ——" Henry was interrupted with a shout of "Treason! treason!!"— but coolly finished the sentence with — "George the Third *may profit by their example.*"]

With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow;
All dully anxious to leave little work
Unto the revolutionary stork.

IX.

Thrice blest Verona! since the holy three
With their imperial presence shine on thee;
Honour'd by them, thy treacherous site forgets
The vaunted tomb of "all the Capulets;"[1]
Thy Scaligers — for what was "Dog the Great,"
"Can Grande,"[2] (which I venture to translate,)
To these sublimer pugs? Thy poet too,
Catullus, whose old laurels yield to new;[3]
Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sate;
And Dante's exile shelter'd by thy gate;

[1] ["I have been over Verona. The amphitheatre is wonderful — beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet's story, they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. I have brought away a few pieces of the granite, to give to my daughter and my nieces. The Gothic monuments of the Scaliger princes pleased me, but 'a poor virtuoso am I.'"— *Byron Letters, Nov.* 1816.]

[2] [Cane I. Della Scala, surnamed the Great, died in 1329: he was the protector of Dante, who celebrated him as "il Gran Lombardo."]

[3] [Verona has been distinguished as the cradle of many illustrious men. There is one still living —

Per cui la fama in te chiara risuona
Egregia, eccelsa, alma Verona,——

I mean Ippolito Pindemonte, a poet who has caught a portion of that sun whose setting beams yet gild the horizon of Italy. His rural pieces, for their chaste style of colouring, their repose, and their keeping, may be said to be in poetry what the landscapes of Claude Lorraine are in picture. — Rose.]

Thy good old man, whose world was all within
Thy wall, nor knew the country held him in;[1]
Would that the royal guests it girds about
Were so far like, as never to get out!
Ay, shout! inscribe! rear monuments of shame,
To tell Oppression that the world is tame!
Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage,
The comedy is not upon the stage;
The show is rich in ribandry and stars,
Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars;
Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
For thus much still thy fetter'd hands are free!

X.

Resplendent sight! Behold the coxcomb Czar,[2]
The autocrat of waltzes and of war!
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
And generous spirit, when 't is not frost-bit;
Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But harden'd back whene'er the morning 's raw;

[1] [Claudian's famous old man of Verona, "qui suburbium quam egressus est."— The Latin verses are beautifully imitated by Cowley:—

"Happy the man who his whole life doth bound
Within th' enclosure of his little ground:
Happy the man whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And, by degrees, sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserved his life and gave him birth
Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get;
No change of Consuls marks to him the year:
The change of seasons is his calendar," &c. &c.]

[2] [*The Emperor* Alexander; who died in 1825.]

With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free,
How well the imperial dandy prates of peace!
How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free Greece!
How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,
Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet!
How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
With all her pleasant pulks, to lecture Spain!
How royally show off in proud Madrid
His goodly person, from the South long hid!
A blessing cheaply purchased, the world knows,
By having Muscovites for friends or foes.
Proceed, thou namesake of great Philip's son!
La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on;
And that which Scythia was to him of yore
Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.
Yet think upon, thou somewhat aged youth,
Thy predecessor on the banks of Pruth;
Thou hast to aid thee, should his lot be thine,
Many an old woman, but no Catherine.[1]
Spain, too, hath rocks, and rivers, and defiles —
The bear may rush into the lion's toils.
Fatal to Goths are Xeres' sunny fields;[2]
Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's victor yields?

[1] The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy), when surrounded by the Mussulmans on the banks of the river Pruth. [For particulars of this transaction, see Barrow's "Peter the Great," p. 220.]

[2] ["Eight thousand men had to Asturias march'd
Beneath Count Julian's banner; the remains
Of that brave army which in Africa
So well against the Mussulman made head,
Till sense of injuries insupportable,
And raging thirst of vengeance, overthrew
Their leader's noble spirit. To revenge
His quarrel, twice that number left their bones,
Slain in unnatural battle, on the field

Better reclaim thy deserts, turn thy swords
To ploughshares, shave and wash thy Bashkir hordes,
Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knout,
Than follow headlong in the fatal route,
To infest the clime whose skies and laws are pure
With thy foul legions. Spain wants no manure:
Her soil is fertile, but she feeds no foe:
Her vultures, too, were gorged not long ago;
And wouldst thou furnish them with fresher prey?
Alas! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey.
I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun
Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun;
But were I not Diogenes, I 'd wander
Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander!
Be slaves who will, the cynic shall be free;
His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopè:
Still will he hold his lantern up to scan
The face of monarchs for an "honest man."

XI.

And what doth Gaul, the all-prolific land
Of *ne plus ultra* ultras and their band
Of mercenaries? and her noisy chambers
And tribune, which each orator first clambers
Before he finds a voice, and when 't is found,
Hears "the lie" echo for his answer round?
Our British Commons sometimes deign to "hear!"
A Gallic senate hath more tongue than ear;
Even Constant, their sole master of debate,
Must fight next day his speech to vindicate.

Of Xeres, where the sceptre from the Goths
By righteous Heaven was reft."— SOUTHEY'S *Roderick.*]

But this costs little to true Franks, who'd rather
Combat than listen, were it to their father.
What is the simple standing of a shot,
To listening long, and interrupting not?
Though this was not the method of old Rome,
When Tully fulmined o'er each vocal dome,
Demosthenes has sanction'd the transaction,
In saying eloquence meant "Action, action!"

XII.

But where 's the monarch? hath he dined? or yet
Groans beneath indigestion's heavy debt?
Have revolutionary patés risen,
And turn'd the royal entrails to a prison?
Have discontented movements stirr'd the troops?
Or have *no* movements follow'd traitorous soups?
Have Carbonaro [1] cooks not carbonadoed
Each course enough? or doctors dire dissuaded
Repletion? Ah! in thy dejected looks
I read all France's treason in her cooks!
Good classic Louis! is it, canst thou say,
Desirable to be the "Desiré?"
Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,
Apician table, and Horatian ode,
To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love much rather to be scourg'd than school'd?
Ah! thine was not the temper or the taste
For thrones; the table sees thee better placed:

[1] [According to Botta, the Neapolitan republicans who, durin the reign of King Joachim, fled to the recesses of the Abruzzi, an there formed a secret confederacy, were the first that assume the designation, since familiar all over Italy, of "Carbonari" (col liers.).]

[2] [Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire — the residence of Lou XVIII. during the latter years of the Emigration.]

A mild Epicurean, form'd, at best,
To be a kind host and as good a guest,
To talk of letters, and to know by heart
One *half* the poet's, *all* the gourmand's art;
A scholar always, now and then a wit,
And gentle when digestion may permit; —
But not to govern lands enslaved or free;
The gout was martyrdom enough for thee.

XIII.

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase
From a bold Briton in her wonted praise?
" Arts — arms — and George — and glory — and the isles —
And happy Britain — wealth — and Freedom's smiles —
White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof —
Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof —
Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curl'd,
That nose, the hook where he suspends the world![1]
And Waterloo — and trade — and —— (hush! not yet
A syllable of imposts or of debt) ——
And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
Whose penknife slit a goose-quill t' other day —
And 'pilots who have weather'd every storm' —[2]
(But, no, not even for rhyme's sake, name Reform)."
These are the themes thus sung so oft before,
Methinks we need not sing them any more;
Found in so many volumes far and near,
There 's no occasion you should find them here.

[1] " Naso suspendit adunco."— *Horace.*
The Roman applies it to one who merely was imperious to his acquaintance.

[2] [" The Pilot that weather'd the storm " is the burthen of a song, in honour of Pitt, by Canning.]

Yet something may remain perchance to chime
With reason, and, what 's stranger still, with rhyme.
Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still wast born a wit,
And never, even in that dull House, couldst tame
To unleaven'd prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only orator, [1]
Even I can praise thee — Tories do no more:
Nay, not so much; — they hate thee, man, because
Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes.
The hounds will gather to their huntsman's hollo,
And where he leads the duteous pack will follow;
But not for love mistake their yelling cry;
Their yelp for game is not an eulogy;
Less faithful far than the four-footed pack,
A dubious scent would lure the bipeds back.
Thy saddle-girths are not yet quite secure,
Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure; [2]
The unwieldy old white horse is apt at last
To stumble, kick, and now and then stick fast
With his great self and rider in the mud;
But what of that? the animal shows blood.

[1] ["I have never heard any one who fulfilled my ideal of an orator. Grattan would have been near it, but for his harlequin delivery. Pitt I never heard — Fox but once; and then he struck me as a debater, which to me seems as different from an orator as an improvisatore or a versifier from a poet. Grey is great, but it is not oratory. Canning is sometimes very like one. Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong, and English. Holland is impressive from sense and sincerity. Burdett is sweet and silvery as Belial himself, and, I think, the greatest favourite in Pandemonium." — *Byron Diary*, 1821.]

[2] [On the suicide of Lord Londonderry, in August, 1822, Mr. Canning, who had prepared to sail for India, as Governor-General, was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, — not much, it was alleged, to the personal satisfaction of George the Fourth, or of the high Tories in the Cabinet. He lived to verify some of the predictions of the poet — to abandon the *foreign* policy of his predecessor — to break up the Tory party by a coalition with the Whigs — and to prepare the way for *Reform* in Parliament.]

XIV.

Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen
Bewail her now uncountry gentlemen?
The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
The first to make a malady of peace.
For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall,
Kings, conquerors, and markets most of all.
And must ye fall with every ear of grain?
Why would you trouble Buonaparté's reign?
He was your great Triptolemus; his vices
Destroy'd but realms, and still maintain'd your prices;
He amplified to every lord's content
The grand agrarian alchymy, high *rent*.
Why did the tyrant stumble on the Tartars,
And lower wheat to such desponding quarters?
Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?
The man was worth much more upon his throne.
True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt,
But what of that? the Gaul may bear the guilt;
But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,
And acres told upon the appointed day.
But where is now the goodly audit ale?
The purse-proud tenant, never known to fail?
The farm which never yet was left on hand?
The marsh reclaim'd to most improving land?
The impatient hope of the expiring lease?
The doubling rental? What an evil 's peace!
In vain the prize excites the ploughman's skill,
In vain the Commons pass their patriot bill;
The *landed interest*—(you may understand
The phrase much better leaving out the *land*)—
The land self-interest groans from shore to shore,
For fear that plenty should attain the poor.

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

	Page
THE CURSE OF MINERVA	1
THE WALTZ; An Apostrophic Hymn	19
To the Publisher	21
ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE	37
HEBREW MELODIES	49
She walks in Beauty	53
The Harp the Monarch Minstrel swept	54
If that high World	56
The wild Gazelle	56
Oh! weep for those	57
On Jordan's Banks	58
Jephtha's Daughter	59
Oh! snatch'd away in Beauty's Bloom	60
My Soul is dark	61
I saw thee weep	62
Thy Days are done	63
Song of Saul before his last Battle	64
Saul	64
"All is Vanity, saith the Preacher"	66
When Coldness wraps this suffering Clay	67
Vision of Belshazzar	69

Page

Sun of the Sleepless - - - - 71
Were my Bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be - 71
Herod's Lament for Mariamne - - - 72
On the Day of the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus - 73
By the Rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept - 74
The Destruction of Sennacherib - - - - 75
A Spirit passed before me. From Job - - 76

THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE OF PULCI - - 77
ADVERTISEMENT - - - - - 89

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE - - - 145
DEDICATION - - - - - - 147
PREFACE - - - - - 149
CANTO I. - - - - - 151
CANTO II. - - - - - 161
CANTO III. - - - - - - 167
CANTO IV. - - - - - - 175

THE BLUES; A LITERARY ECLOGUE - - - 185

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT - - - 205
PREFACE - - - - - - 217

THE AGE OF BRONZE; OR, CARMEN SECULARE ET
ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS - - - - 273

MISCELLANIES.

BY

LORD BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXVII.

LONDON:
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Up, up again, ye rents! exalt your notes,
Or else the ministry will lose their votes,
And patriotism, so delicately nice,
Her loaves will lower to the market price;
For ah! "the loaves and fishes," once so high,
Are gone — their oven closed, their ocean dry,
And nought remains of all the millions spent,
Excepting to grow moderate and content.
They who are not so, *had* their turn — and turn
About still flows from Fortune's equal urn;
Now let their virtue be its own reward,
And share the blessings which themselves prepared.
See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm;
Their ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,
Their fields manured by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle — why? for rent!
Year after year they voted cent. per cent.,
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions — why? for rent!
They roar'd, they dined, they drank, they swore they meant
To die for England — why then live? — for rent!
The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!
Their love of country, millions all mis-spent,
How reconcile? by reconciling rent!
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No: down with every thing, and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion — rent, rent, rent!
Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a mess;
Thou shouldst have gotten more, or eaten less;
Now thou hast swill'd thy pottage, thy demands
Are idle; Israel says the bargain stands.

Such, landlords! was your appetite for war,
And, gorged with blood, you grumble at a scar!
What! would they spread their earthquake even o'
cash?
And when land crumbles, bid firm paper crash?
So rent may rise, bid bank and nation fall,
And found on 'Change a *Fundling* Hospital?
Lo, Mother Church, while all religion writhes,
Like Niobe, weeps o'er her offspring, Tithes;
The prelates go to — where the saints have gone,
And proud pluralities subside to one!
Church, state, and faction wrestle in the dark,
Toss'd by the deluge in their common ark.
Shorn of her bishops, banks, and dividends,
Another Babel soars — but Britain ends.
And why? to pamper the self-seeking wants,
And prop the hill of these agrarian ants.
"Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be wise;"
Admire their patience through each sacrifice,
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
The price of taxes and of homicide;
Admire their justice, which would fain deny
The debt of nations: — pray *who made it high?*

XV.

Or turn to sail between those shifting rocks,
The new Symplegades — the crushing Stocks,
Where Midas might again his wish behold
In real paper or imagined gold.
That magic palace of Alcina shows
More wealth than Britain ever had to lose,
Were all her atoms of unleaven'd ore,
[illegible]d all her pebbles from Pactolus' shore.
[illegible]re Fortune plays, while Rumour holds the
[illegible] the world trembles to bid brokers break.

How rich is Britain! not indeed in mines,
Or peace or plenty, corn or oil, or wines;
No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey,
Nor (save in paper shekels) ready money:
But let us not to own the truth refuse,
Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews?
Those parted with their teeth to good King John,
And now, ye kings! they kindly draw your own;
All states, all things, all sovereigns they control,
And waft a loan "from Indus to the pole."
The banker — broker — baron [1] — brethren, speed
To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.
Nor these alone; Columbia feels no less
Fresh speculations follow each success;
And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain
Her mild per centage from exhausted Spain.
Not without Abraham's seed can Russia march;
'T is gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror's arch.
Two Jews, a chosen people, can command
In every realm their scripture-promised land: —
Two Jews keep down the Romans, and uphold
The accursed Hun, more brutal than of old:
Two Jews — but not Samaritans — direct
The world, with all the spirit of their sect.
What is the happiness of earth to them?
A congress forms their "New Jerusalem,"
Where baronies and orders both invite —
Oh, holy Abraham! dost thou see the sight?

[1] [The head of the illustrious house of Montmorenci has usually been designated "le premier baron Chrétien;" his ancestor having, it is supposed, been the first *noble* convert to Christianity in France. Lord Byron perhaps alludes to the well known joke of Talleyrand, who, meeting the Duke of Montmorenci at the same party with M. Rothschild, soon after the latter had been *ennobled* by the Emperor of Austria, is said to have begged leave to present *M. le premier baron Juif* to *M. le premier baron Chrétien*.]

Thy followers mingling with these royal swine,
Who spit not "on their Jewish gaberdine,"
But honour them as portion of the show —
(Where now, oh pope! is thy forsaken toe?
Could it not favour Judah with some kicks?
Or has it ceased to "kick against the pricks?")
On Shylock's shore behold them stand afresh,
To cut from nations' hearts their "pound of flesh."

XVI.

Strange sight this Congress! destined to unite
All that 's incongruous, all that 's opposite.
I speak not of the Sovereigns — they 're alike,
A common coin as ever mint could strike;
But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
Have more of motley than their heavy kings.
Jews, authors, generals, charlatans, combine,
While Europe wonders at the vast design:
There Metternich, power's foremost parasite,
Cajoles; there Wellington forgets to fight;
There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs;[1]
And subtle Greeks[2] intrigue for stupid Tartars;
There Montmorenci, the sworn foe to charters,[3]
Turns a diplomatist of great éclat,
To furnish articles for the "Débats;
Of war so certain — yet not quite so sure
As his dismissal in the "Moniteur."

[1] Monsieur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author in the minister, received a handsome compliment at Verona from a literary sovereign: "Ah! Monsieur C., are you related to that Chateaubriand who — who — who has written *something?* (écrit *quelque chose?*) It is said that the author of Atala repented him for a moment of his legitimacy.

[2] [Count Capo d'Istrias — afterwards President of Greece. The count was murdered, in September, 1831, by the brother and son of a Mainote chief whom he had imprisoned.]

[3] [The Duke de Montmorenci-Laval.]

as! how could his cabinet thus err?
n peace be worth an ultra-minister?
falls indeed, perhaps to rise again,
lmost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."[1]

XVII.

ough of this — a sight more mournful woos
e averted eye of the reluctant muse.
e imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
e imperial victim — sacrifice to pride;
e mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
e young Astyanax of Modern Troy;[2]
e still pale shadow of the loftiest queen
at earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;
flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
e theme of pity, and the wreck of power.
, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare
laughter? What did France's widow there?
r fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
r only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
, no, — she still must hold a petty reign,
nk'd by her formidable chamberlain;
martial Argus, whose not hundred eyes
st watch her through these paltry pageantries.[3]
at though she share no more, and shared in vain,
way surpassing that of Charlemagne,
ich swept from Moscow to the southern seas;
still she rules the pastoral realm of cheese,

From Pope's verses on Lord Peterborough.]

Napoleon François Charles Joseph, Duke of Reichstadt, died e palace of Schönbrunn, July 22. 1832, having just attained his ty-first year.]

Count Neipperg, chamberlain and second husband to Maria- sa, had but one eye. The count died in 1831. See *ante*, p.

Where Parma views the traveller resort,
To note the trappings of her mimic court.
But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
Of all her beams — while nations gaze and mourn —
Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
To chill in their inhospitable clime;
(If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold; —
But no, — their embers soon will burst the mould;)
She comes! — the Andromache (but not Racine's,
Nor Homer's,) — Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre through,
Is offer'd and accepted! Could a slave
Do more? or less? — and *he* in his new grave!
Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
And the *ex*-empress grows as *ex* a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests?

XVIII.

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,
And sketch the group — the picture's yet to come.
My muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,
She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!
While throng'd the chiefs of every Highland clan
To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman!
Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
While all the Common Council cry "Claymore!"
To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt
Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt,

[1] [George the Fourth is said to have been somewhat annoy on entering the levee-room at Holyrood (Aug. 1822), in full S art tartan, to see only one figure similarly attired (and of simi bulk) — that of Sir William Curtis. The city knight had ev *thing complete* — even the *knife* stuck in the garter. He ask *the King, if he* did not think him well dressed. "Yes!" repl

burst into a laughter so extreme,
I awoke — and lo! it was *no* dream!

, reader, will we pause: — if there 's no harm in
first — you 'll have, perhaps, a second "Carmen."

---

jesty, "only you have no *spoon* in your *hose*." The devourer
tle had a fine engraving executed of himself in his Celtic
]

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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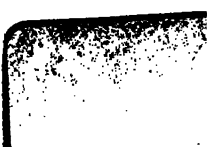
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